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THE MODEL ELOCUTIONIST:

A MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION IN

VOCAL GYMNASTICS AND GESTURE,

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE DIAGRAMS AND

NUMEROUS READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

BY

ANDREW COMSTOCK, M.D.,

LATE PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION, PHILADELPHIA;

AND

JAMES ALLAN MAIR,

AUTHOR OF "A HANDBOOK OF PROVERBS, QUOTATIONS, AND PHRASES."

LONDON AND GLASGOW:
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INTRODUCTION.

THIS little work is designed for the use of Schools and Colleges, as well as for the instruction of private individuals who desire to improve themselves in the art of reading and speaking. It consists of four parts—(1.) Vocal Gymnastics, or the cultivation and management of the voice; (2.) Gesture; (3.) a series of exercises in Reading and Declamation for Junior Students; and (4.) a choice selection of Readings and Recitations for Senior Students.

The instructions in the various subjects of Articulation, Pitch, Force, Time, and Gesture, will be found to be of the simplest kind, offering no difficulties to persons of ordinary intelligence; and demanding from our youth nothing but a laudable ambition and common industry to enable them to rival those ancient orators whose eloquence, it is said, "shook distant thrones, and made the extremities of the earth tremble."

In ordinary works on Elocution, the inflections of the voice are given, but not the changes of pitch, which constitute melody. In this work, however, not only are the inflections and the melody given, but also those transitions in pitch, called modulation, or a change of key. The method of representing the melody and modulations of the *speaking* voice is original, and will prove of singular advantage to the Student in Elocution.

The Exercises in Reading and Declamation have been taken from some of the best authors, and are well adapted to the purposes of the Student in Elocution. They are divided into paragraphs, and subdivided into sections. The latter division is marked by vertical bars. In concert reading, as soon as a section is pronounced by the teacher, the members of the class should repeat it together in the proper pitch and time, and with the requisite degree of force. When a paragraph shall have been pronounced in this way, it should be read singly by each member of the class. Sometimes it will be found advantageous to let each pupil, in turn, give out a piece, and the other members of the class repeat it after him; the teacher, meanwhile, making the necessary corrections. In fine, the exercise of reading should be practised in a variety of ways according to circumstances. When a piece is given out with gesticulation, the members of the class should rise simultaneously immediately after the first section is pronounced, and repeat the

words and gesture. As the organs of speech require much training to enable them to perform their functions *properly*, the pupil should repeat the same exercise till he can articulate every element, and give to each syllable the pitch, force, and time which the sentiment demands.

The art of reading and speaking is not inferior in importance to any branch of learning, yet there is none more generally neglected. While many of the merely ornamental branches are cultivated with zealous assiduity, Elocution is allowed, at best, but a feeble support. Among the numerous colleges with which our country abounds, there is not, perhaps, a single one endowed with a professorship of Elocution! And among our numerous public speakers, how small a number can deliver a discourse without having half the body concealed by a desk or table! The orators of classic Greece never ensconced themselves behind elevated desks, nor "*stood upon all fours,*" as some of our public speakers do; they were *masters* of their art. Hence they needed no screen to conceal uncouth attitudes and awkward gestures from the scrutinising eye of criticism; nor had occasion to present the crown of the head instead of the face to the audience to hide the blush of ignorance; they exposed the *whole* person to the audience; they stood *erect* in all the dignity of conscious worth; their attitudes were fit models for the statuary; their gestures were replete with grace and expression; their elocution defied criticism.

In selecting the Readings and Recitations for Senior Students, it has been thought desirable to insert those only which at once commend themselves to the reader by their appropriateness in character and subject, or which, being universal favourites, are entitled to a place in every work of this kind. No attempt has been made to swell the book with compositions puerile and stale, or otherwise unsuitable for the ends of such a publication, merely to fill up space; nevertheless, the contents, ranging, as they do, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," will be found sufficiently varied to meet the wants of those for whom it is intended. It is believed THE MODEL ELOCUTIONIST forms at once a sound manual of instruction, and an entertaining companion for all who desire to excel in the art.

1*st January* 1874.

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PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

As Elocution is intimately connected with the voice, and as every reader may not be prepared to enter upon a minute development of its various principles, the following Preliminary Observations may be of some advantage.

Voice is sound, produced by the agitation of air when forcibly expelled from the lungs.

The attributes of the voice are *general* and *special*. The general attributes are *pitch* and *force*, and are common to *all* voices. The *special* attributes are those peculiarities which render one voice more agreeable or disagreeable than another, as, *sweetness*, *harshness*, etc.

The acuteness and gravity of the voice depend on the contractions and dilatations of the vocal tube.

The degree of loudness of the voice is in proportion to the expulsive effort, and to the resistance which the air meets on its passage through the glottis.

When air is forcibly expelled from the lungs, and not sufficient resistance given to its egress to produce what is generally understood by the term *voice*, an aspirated or whispered sound is the result.

From voice articulated by the motions of the lips, tongue, and other parts of the mouth, is produced *oral language*. Hence oral language is not inaptly termed *articulated voice*.

There are two varieties of oral language—*song* and *speech*. In several respects they resemble each other. Thus the notes, both of song and speech, vary in pitch, force, and time. The most striking difference between them is this: a note of song is maintained in one range of pitch from its commencement to its termination; but a note of speech is varied in pitch during its prolongation. If you prolong the letter *a* in one range of pitch, thus:

a ————

you will have an example of a note of song. If you utter it interrogatively and affirmatively, thus:

á? *à*.

you will have two varieties of the note of speech; the voice in the interrogation moving from a grave pitch to one more acute; in the affirmation, from acute to grave.

Perhaps enough has been said by way of preliminaries. The principles here mentioned, together with the various others, are methodically presented, discussed, and illustrated in the course of the work.

THE MODEL ELOCUTIONIST.

ELOCUTION is vocal delivery. It may be said to comprise both a *science* and an *art*. The science embraces the principles which constitute the basis of reading and speaking; the art, the practical application of these principles.

Elocution is naturally divided into two parts; namely, *Vocal Gymnastics* and *Gesture*.

Vocal Gymnastics is the philosophy of the human voice, as well as the art of training the vocal organs in speech and song.

Gesture is the various postures and motions employed in vocal delivery

PART I.

VOCAL GYMNASTICS.

VOCAL GYMNASTICS is the philosophy of the human voice, as well as the art of training the vocal organs in speech and song.

Vocal Gymnastics is subdivided as follows:—

1. ARTICULATION.	3. FORCE.
2. PITCH.	4. TIME.

Articulation is the act of forming, with the organs of speech, the elements of vocal language.

Pitch is the degree of the elevation of sounds.

Force is the degree of the loudness of sounds.

Time is the measure of sounds in regard to their duration.

SECTION I.

ARTICULATION.

ARTICULATION is the act of forming, with the organs of speech, the elements of vocal language.

These elements may be formed separately, as in the utterance of the letters of the alphabet, as well as conjunctively, as in the pronunciation of words.

By the utterance of the letters of the alphabet is not meant the pronunciation of the mere *names* of the letters, but the formation of the various *sounds* which the letters represent.

A good articulation is the *perfect* utterance of the elements of vocal language.

The first step towards becoming a good elocutionist, is a *correct articulation*. "A public speaker, possessed of only a moderate voice, if he articulates correctly, will be better understood, and heard with greater pleasure, than one who vociferates without judgment. The voice of the latter may indeed extend to a considerable distance, but the sound is dissipated in confusion. Of the former voice not the smallest vibration is wasted, every stroke is perceived at the utmost distance to which it reaches; and hence it has often the appearance of penetrating even farther than one which is loud, but badly articulated.

"In just articulation, the words are not to be hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over syllable; nor, as it were, melted together into a mass of confusion: they should not be trailed, or drawled, nor permitted to slip out carelessly, so as to drop unfinished. They should be delivered from the lips as beautiful coins newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, in due succession, and of due weight."*

* Austin's *Chironomia*.

Without good articulation, it is impossible to be a correct reader, or speaker. Those who have been accustomed to pronounce their words in a careless or slovenly manner, will find it difficult, even with their best efforts, to utter them distinctly. The organs of articulation, for the want of proper exercise, become, as it were, paralysed. The pupil, therefore, at the very commencement of his studies, should be conducted through a series of exercises calculated to strengthen the muscles of articulation, and render them obedient to the will. The best method for effecting these purposes, is to exercise the voice on the elements of speech; first, on each element separately; secondly, on various combinations.

Under the head, Practical Elocution, will be found a variety of exercises on the elements of the English language, which are calculated to develop the voice, increase its compass, and give flexibility to the muscles of articulation. In that part of this work which consists of Exercises in Reading and Declamation, most of the sounds liable to be omitted or imperfectly articulated, are represented by italic letters. Hence the reader, if he pay proper attention to the subject, will have no difficulty in correcting all ordinary defects in his utterance.

The value of vocal gymnastics cannot be duly appreciated by those who have not experienced, or witnessed, their beneficial results. But, I feel confident, the time is not far distant when these exercises will be considered, by all intelligent persons, an essential part of primary instruction.

CHAPTER I.

THE ELEMENTS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The Elements of vocal language are the Sounds of which words are composed. These sounds are represented by graphic characters, called letters.

The number of *letters* in the English language is twenty-six; but the number of *elements* is thirty-eight.

Hence, as the number of elements exceeds the number of their literal signs, the same letter is employed, in different situations, to represent different sounds. Thus *a* represents four different sounds; *e*, two; *i*, two; *o*, three; *u*, three; *z*, two; and there are six sounds, each of which is represented by two letters — *ou*, *ng*, *sh*, *wh*, *th* in *then*, and *th* in *thin*. (See pages and .) If we had a perfect alphabet, every elementary sound would be represented by its appropriate character.

The elements, as well as the letters by which they are represented, are usually divided into two classes, *Vowels* and *Consonants*. A more philosophical division, however, is into three classes, *Vowels*, *Subvowels*, and *Aspirates*.

The *vowels* are pure vocal sounds; their number is fifteen.

The *subvowels* have a vocality, but inferior to that of the vowels; their number is fourteen.

The *aspirates* are made with the whispering breath, and, consequently, have no vocality; they are nine in number.

Classification of the Elements.

VOWELS.	English.	French.
å	as heard in *a*le, d*a*y, f*a*te,	and in *été*.
å	..... *a*rm, f*a*rm,	..... *a*rme, g*a*z, g*a*ze.
å	..... *a*ll, l*a*w, f*a*r,	..... ———
å	..... *a*n, m*a*n, id*ea*,	..... *a*ller.
è	..... *e*ve, *se*e, d*ee*d,	..... *e*le.
è	..... *e*nd, m*e*t, *e*rr,	..... *e*lle.
ì	..... *i*le, fl*y*, p*i*ne,	..... ——
ì	..... *i*n, p*i*n,	..... *i*l.
ò	..... *o*ld, n*o*, m*o*re,	..... *eau*.
ó	..... l*o*se, t*oo*, m*o*ve,	..... v*oû*te.
ò	..... *o*n, l*o*ck, n*o*t,	..... *e*cole.
ù	..... t*u*be, f*ew*, p*u*pil,	..... ——
û	..... *u*p, h*er*, h*ur*t,	..... *Eu*rope.
ù	..... f*u*ll, p*u*ll, w*o*lf,	..... *ou*.
ou	..... *ou*r, n*ow*, fl*ou*r,	..... ——

SUBVOWELS.		English.		French.
b	as heard in	*b*ow, or*b*, bar*b*	and in	*b*on.
d	,,	*d*ay, bi*d*, *d*id,	,,	*D*ieu.
g	,,	*g*ay, fi*g*, *g*ig,	,,	*g*ai.
l	,,	*l*ight, a*ll*, lu*ll*,	,,	*l*oup.
m	,,	*m*ind, storm, *m*aim,	,,	*m*on.
n	,,	*n*o, o*n*, *n*ine,	,,	*n*on.
ng	,,	so*ng*, thi*nk*,	,,	a*gn*eau (nearly).
r	,,	*r*oll, war, *r*are,	,,	*r*oue
TH	,,	THen, WITH,	,,	——
v	,	*v*ile, li*v*e, *v*alve,	,,	*v*il.
w	,,	*w*o, *w*ent, *w*orld,	,,	*oui* (nearly).
y	,,	*y*oke, *y*onder,	,,	*y*acht.
z	,,	*z*one, his, pris*m*,	,,	*z*one.
z	,,	azure, enclosure,	,,	*j*ardin.
ASPIRATES.				
f	,,	*f*ame, i*f*, dri*ft*,	,,	*f*emme.
h	,,	*h*ut, *h*ence,	,,	——
k	,,	*k*ite, wre*ck*, *k*i*ck*,	,,	cor.
p	,,	*p*it, u*p*,	,,	*p*apa.
s	,,	*s*in, nice, cri*sp*,	,,	*s*œur.
sh	,,	*sh*ade, pu*sh*, flu*sh*ed,	,,	*ch*aise.
t	,,	*t*in, i*t*, *t*art,	,,	*t*our.
th	,,	*th*in, tru*th*, mon*ths*,	,,	——
wh	,,	*wh*at, *wh*en, *wh*ich,	,,	——

The reader may ask why C, J, Q, and X, have not been classed with the elements. These letters have no sounds which are not represented, in the above scheme, by other letters. C has three sounds—the sound of k, as in cat; that of *s*, as in cedar, and that of *sh*, as in ocean. J expresses the combined sounds of *d* and *z* in azure. Q has the sound of *k*. X, as in exercise, expresses the combined sounds of *k* and *s;* in example, the combined sounds of *g* and *z* in zone; in anxious, the combined sounds of *k* and *sh*. In Xenophon, *x* has the sound of *z* in zone.*

* *X* in *Xenophon* was pronounced by the ancient Greeks as we pronounce *x* in *exercise*, thus, *Ksenophon;* and I am informed by Mr. Castanis, a native of the island of Scio, that the modern Greeks so pronounce it.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOWELS.

THE vowels are divided into *Monothongs*, *Diphthongs*, and *Triphthongs*.

The *Monothongs* consist of one kind of sound throughout their concrete movement, and consequently are *simple* elements; they are represented by the italics in the following words:

*a*rm, *a*ll, *a*n, *e*ve, *e*nd, *i*n, *o*n, *u*p, f*u*ll.

The *Diphthongs* consist of two vowel sounds, which coalesce so intimately that they appear like one uniform sound; they are represented by the italics in the following words:

*a*le, *i*le, l*o*se, t*u*be.

The diphthong a, as well as i, has a characteristic sound for its radical, and the monothong i for its vanish. These diphthongs, under certain circumstances (for instance, when they are carried through a wide range of pitch, as an interrogation with surprise), are converted into triphthongs, the third constituent being the monothong e.

The diphthong o, as well as u, has a characteristic sound for its radical, and the subvowel *w* for its vanish.

The *Triphthongs* consist of *three* vowel sounds, which coalesce so intimately that they appear like one uniform sound; they are represented by the italics in the following words:

*o*ıɑ, *our*.

The first constituent of o, as well as that of *ou*, is a sound characteristic of this element; and the diphthong o constitutes the second and the third constituent of these triphthongs.

The following scheme is an analysis of the diphthongs and triphthongs. The reader will observe that the letters

which are employed to represent the diphthongs and triphthongs, are used under the head *Constituents*, to represent their *radicals* only.

å	å — ĭ	å*	å — ĭ — ȯ
ĭ	ĭ — ĭ	ĭ *	ĭ — ĭ — ȯ
ȯ	ȯ — w	ȯ	ȯ — ȯ — w
ů	ů — w	ou	ou— ȯ — w

There is one diphthong, and three triphthongs, besides those already noticed; they are represented by the italics in the following words:

oil, *ay*, b*oy*, b*uoy*.

But, as all their constituents are to be found among the fifteen vowels before enumerated, they do not increase the number of the elements. This may be seen by the following analysis:

oi	å — ĭ	*ay*	å — ĭ — ȯ
		oy	å — ĭ — ȯ
		uoy	ȯ — ĭ — ȯ

During the utterance of a *monothong*, the aperture of the mouth remains stationary; but during that of a *diphthong*, or *triphthong*, the aperture is gradually diminished till the commencement of the last constituent; it then remains stationary till the sound is ended.

CHAPTER III.

THE SUBVOWELS.

B CONSISTS of a vocal sound and an aspirate. The first constituent is formed with the lips closed; the second

* I have said that a and i are sometimes diphthongs, and sometimes triphthongs; hence, above, they appear under both heads.

by aspirating the vowel ŭ at the moment of their separation.*

When B is doubled, as in *rabbit*, the second constituent of the first B is omitted. When B is whispered, the second constituent only is heard. When words in which B is doubled are whispered, the first B is mute.

D consists of a vocal sound and an aspirate. The first constituent is formed with the tip of the tougue pressed against the gums of the upper incisory teeth; the second, by aspirating the vowel ŭ at the moment of its removal.*

When D is doubled, as in *addition*, the second constituent of the first D is omitted. When D is whispered, the second constituent only is heard. When words in which D is doubled are whispered, the first D is mute.

G consists of a vocal sound and an aspirate. The first constituent is formed with the root of the tongue pressed against the curtain or vail of the palate; the second, by aspirating the vowel ŭ at the moment of its removal.*

When G is doubled, as in *haggard*, the second constituent of the first G is omitted. When G is whispered, the second constituent only is heard. When words in which G is doubled are whispered, the first G is mute.

L is a vocal sound, made with the tip of the tongue pressed against the gums of the upper incisory teeth.

M is a nasal sound, made with the lips closed.

N is a nasal sound, formed with the tip of the tongue pressed against the gums of the upper incisory teeth.

NG, as in *song*, is a nasal sound, formed with the root of the tongue pressed *gently* against the curtain of the palate.

R is a vocal sound, of which there are two varieties. The first is called the *trilled* R, and is made by causing the tongue to vibrate against the gums of the upper incisory teeth, while the breath is propelled through the mouth; the second is called the *smooth* R, and is made with the tip of the tongue elevated towards the centre of the roof of the mouth. R should be trilled when it

* Care should be taken not to make the second constituent *vocal*.

precedes a vowel, as in *roll, crush*, etc.; but when it follows a vowel, as in *air, orb*, etc., it should be made smooth.

I have met with a number of individuals who could not trill the R, and others who did it with difficulty. Those who cannot trill it in a graceful manner, had better not attempt it in public; let such, however, not despair—their vocal organs may be rendered flexible by frequent and energetic exercise.

TH, as in *then*, is a compound of vocality and aspiration, formed with the tip of the tongue resting against the inner surface of the upper incisory teeth.

V is a compound of vocality and aspiration. It is formed with the under lip pressed against the edge of the upper incisory teeth.

W is a vocal sound, formed with the lips contracted as in the act of whistling.

Y is a vocal sound, formed with the lips and teeth a little separated.

Z, as in *zone*, is a buzzing sound, a compound of vocality and aspiration. It is formed by pressing the tip of the tongue gently against the gums of the upper incisors, and forcing out the breath.

Z, as in *azure*, is a compound of vocality and aspiration. It is formed with the tip of the tongue nearly in the same position as is *z* in *zone*, though drawn a little further back, and somewhat widened, so as to enlarge the aperture formed by its upper surface and the roof of the mouth, through which the breath is forced.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ASPIRATES.

F, LIKE V, is formed with the under lip pressed against the upper incisory teeth.

H is the inceptive part of a vowel sound, aspirated in a particular way. H may be uttered in as many varieties

of ways as there are vowels in the language; each requiring the same posture of the mouth which the vowel itself requires.

K is formed by pressing the root of the tongue against the curtain of the palate, and then aspirating the vowel ŭ.

When this element is doubled, as in *fickle* (pronounced fĭkkl), the first k is mute.

P is formed by closing the lips, and then aspirating the vowel ŭ.

When this element is doubled, as in *happy*, the first P is mute.

S is a hissing sound, and, like *z* in *zone*, is formed with the tip of the tongue pressed gently against the gums of the upper incissory teeth. It is nearly the same as *z* in *zone* aspirated.

SH is formed with the tongue in the same position as is *z* in *azure*. SH is nearly the same sound as *z* in *azure*, aspirated.

T is formed by pressing the tip of the tongue against the gums of the upper incisory teeth, and then aspirating the vowel ŭ.

When T is doubled, as in *attempt*, the first T is mute.

TH, as in *thin*, like *th* in *then*, is formed with the tip of the tongue pressed against the upper incisory teeth. It is nearly the same sound as the subvowel TH aspirated.

WH is the inceptive part of the vowel ŭ aspirated in a particular way. The sound which is produced in the formation of this element, is nearly the same as hŭ, whispered. WH requires the same posture of the mouth that the vowel ŭ requires.

That hu and *wh* are not identical, may be proved by pronouncing, alternately, the words *hoom* and *whoom*, and observing the contrast between them.

CHAPTER V.

THE POSTURES OF THE MOUTH.

AN accurate knowledge of tne positions which the organs of articulation should assume in the formation of the several elements of vocal language, is very important to those who would speak with ease and elegance.

The pupil should exercise his organs of speech, in the most forcible manner, three times a week, and, if possible, even every day, on all the elements. The vowels should be exploded from the throat, both interrogatively and affirmatively, in every range of pitch within the compass of the voice, and with every possible degree of force.

The vowels are exploded in the following manner: make a full inspiration, close the glottis, and contract the muscles of expiration so as to condense the air in the lungs, then utter the element with a sudden and forcible emission of the breath. The sounds thus produced may be denominated *vocal thunder;* the effect upon an audience is electrical.

This exercise strengthens the vocal organs, and enables the speaker to be heard at a great distance, with very little effort or expenditure of breath. It is also beneficial to health.

CHAPTER VI.

DEFECTIVE ARTICULATION.

ARTICULATION is defective when one or more elements of a word are omitted, or imperfectly formed; or when one element is substituted for another.

Defective articulation is exceedingly common: perhaps there is not one individual in ten thousand whose articulation is *perfect.* This arises from the neglect of a proper

gymnastic training of the organs of speech in childhood. As soon as children are capable of imitating sounds, they should be taught the elements of vocal language; and, to facilitate their acquisition of this knowledge, they should be made to exercise before a mirror, so as to compare the movements of their own lips with those of the lips of their instructor. By pursuing this course, a good foundation will be laid for a perfect and graceful articulation.

In that part of this work which consists of Exercises in Reading and Declamation, all, or nearly all, the letters representing sounds liable to be omitted, or imperfectly articulated, are italicised. Hence it is not necessary to furnish examples, and treat of the subject minutely, in this place. There are, however, some instances of defective articulation which are not pointed out by the italic letters—these are so important that they deserve special notice. I allude to those cases in which one element is substituted for another. The remainder of this chapter will be devoted to their consideration.

Children are apt to substitute the sound of *d* for that of *g* in *gay;* and the sound of *t* for that of *k* or *c* in *cat.* Thus, for *gay*, they say *day;* for *cake*, *tate*, etc.

To enable the pupil to correct these faults, I explain to him the manner in which the sounds of *g* and *k* are produced—they are formed by pressing the root of the tongue against the soft palate, and not like *d* and *t* by pressing its tip against the gums of the upper incisors. I then direct him to pronounce, after me, the elements, *d*, *g* and *t*, *k*, and the syllables *da*, *ga*, and *ta*, *ka*, thus:

d, g; d, g; d, g; d, g; d, g; d, g; d, g; d, g; d, g.
t, k; t, k; t, k; t, k; t, k; t, k; t, k; t, k; t, k.

dȧ, gȧ; dȧ, gȧ; dȧ, gȧ; dȧ, gȧ; dė, gė; dė, gė; &c.
tȧ, kȧ; tȧ, kȧ; tȧ, kȧ; tȧ, kȧ; tė, kė; tė, kė; &c.

The object of this exercise is to contrast the substituted sound with the correct one.

When this plan does not prove successful, I open my mouth as widely as possible, so that the tip of the tongue cannot touch the gums of the upper teeth, and request

the pupil to open his in like manner. I then direct him to pronounce, after me, the following syllables:

gȧ, gȧ, gȧ, gȧ; gė, gė; gi, gī; gȯ, gȯ, gȯ; gu, gu, gū; gou.
kȧ, kȧ, kȧ, kȧ; kė, kė; ki, kī; kȯ, kȯ, kȯ; ku, ku, kū; kou.
ȧg, ėg, ig, ȯg, ug, oug; ȧk, ėk, īk, ȯk, uk, ouk.

When neither of these schemes proves successful, I request the pupil to press his tongue downwards, and backwards, with his index finger, while I do the same, and pronounce after me the syllables in the preceding exercise. This I have never known to fail.

Some children omit the element z when it follows *d*, and the element *sh* when it follows *t;* for instance, they pronounce *John*, *don*, and *Charles*, *tarles*, etc.* My method of correcting these defects is to contrast the false pronunciation with the true one, as in the following exercise:

dȧ, dżȧ; dȧ, dżȧ; dȧ, dżȧ; dȧ, dżȧ; dė, dżė; &c.
tȧ, tshȧ; tȧ, tshȧ; tȧ, tshȧ; tȧ, tshȧ; tė, tshė; &c.

The *v* and *w* are confounded by some persons; for instance, when they would say *vine*, they say *wine*, and *vice versâ*. An attention to the proper postures of the mouth in the production of these elements, will soon enable the pupil to correct this fault. The following exercise, founded on the principle of contrast, should be frequently practised by the pupil, in the most energetic manner:

vȧ, wȧ; vȧ, wȧ; vȧ, wȧ; vȧ, wȧ; vė, wė; vė, wė; &c.
wȧ, vȧ; wȧ, vȧ; wȧ, vȧ; wȧ, vȧ; wė, vė; wė, vė; &c.

In correcting faults in articulation, I often find it advantageous to exercise the pupil before a mirror, that he may observe the contrast between the movements of his own mouth and those of mine.

* J is a compound of *d* and *z* in azure; and *ch* is equivalent to *tsh*.

SECTION II.

PITCH.

PITCH is the degree of the elevation of sounds.

As pitch regards the elevation of sounds, it respects their acuteness and gravity. I use the term *pitch* in its widest signification.—In the science of music, it is used not only in the sense in which I employ it, but it also has a special application: in the latter, it is applied to the medium note, the regulating note to which instruments are brought by the act of tuning. When applied in this sense, it is termed concert-pitch. The note which has been adopted, by common consent, as the pitch-note, is A, the open note of the second string of the violin: it is written in the second space of the treble staff.

A *lax* division of pitch is into high and low; in other words, into acute and grave (those notes being called high, or acute, which are above the *natural* pitch of the voice; and those low, or grave, which are below it).

Strictly speaking, the application of *high* and *low* to pitch, is without philosophic foundation; it has originated, not from any principles in the acuteness and gravity of sound, but from the relative position of the notes in the graphic scale. This is obvious from the fact that the degrees of the scale may be exemplified in a horizontal line, by varying the forms of the graphic notes, as was done by the Greeks.

An *exact* division of pitch, as demonstrated by the diatonic scale, is into tones and semitones.*

The word *tone*, as here employed, signifies a certain degree of difference in pitch between two notes, as that between the first and second note of the scale. But in some cases we use the word *tone* as synonymous with *note;* for instance, in some persons the tones of the voice are more musical than in others—that is, the *notes* of the voice.

The diatonic scale consists of seven sounds, moving discretely from grave to acute, or from acute to grave, by different degrees of pitch, of which the semitone may be the common measure, or divisor, without a fraction.

* Diatonic [Greek διὰ, by or through, and τόνος, sound]. Ascending or descending by sounds whose proximate intervals are not more than a tone, nor less than a semitone.

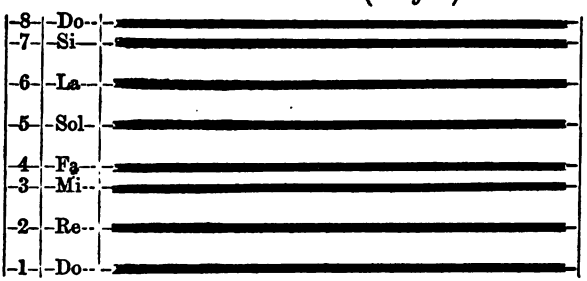
The scale, however, is not complete without the octave, which is a repetition of the first note in the eighth degree.

The notes do not ascend by equal degrees of pitch, but by tones and semitones, the semitones occurring between the third and fourth, and seventh and eighth. The order of the scale, therefore, is as follows: two tones and a semitone, three tones and a semitone. And should it be desirable to extend the series of sounds, the eighth note of the first octave will become the first note of the second octave; the eighth note of the second octave, the first note of the third, and so on.

In teaching the pupil to "raise and fall the eight notes," as it is called, the monosyllables Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si,* may be employed.

Diag. 1 is a graphic representation of the scale. The heavy, horizontal, parallel lines represent the notes; and the spaces between them, the consecutive intervals of the scale.

THE DIATONIC SCALE (*Diag.* 1).



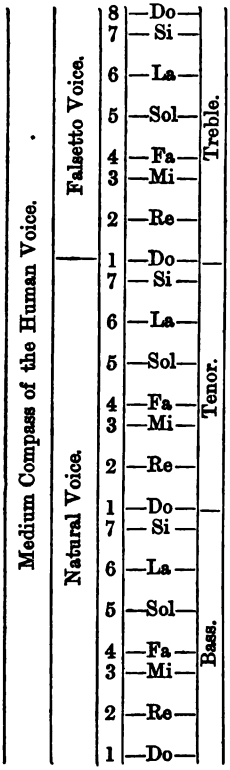
An interval is a difference in pitch. Intervals are either discrete or concrete. A discrete interval is the difference in pitch between any two notes which vary from each other in acuteness and gravity. A concrete interval is that portion of the scale through which the voice slides on a concrete of speech.

The difference in pitch between the first and second

† Pronounced Dò, Rà, Mè, Fă, Sōl, Lă, Sà.

note of the scale, is called the interval of a tone, or second; between the second and third, a tone; between the third and fourth, a semitone; between the fourth and fifth, a tone; between the fifth and sixth, a tone; between the sixth and seventh, a tone; between the seventh and eighth, a semitone.

Diag. 2.



The difference in pitch between the first and third note of the scale, is called the interval of a third; between the first and fourth, the interval of a fourth; between the first and fifth, the interval of a fifth; between the first and sixth, the interval of a sixth; between the first and seventh, the interval of a seventh; between the first and eighth, the interval of an octave.

The intervals between the first and third, fourth and sixth, and fifth and seventh, are called major thirds; because they contain two tones, or four semitones; but as the intervals between the second and fourth, third and fifth, and sixth and eighth, contain but three semitones, they are denominated minor thirds.

In the expression of our thoughts by oral language, we employ three sorts of voice—the *natural voice*, the *falsetto voice*, and the *whispering voice*, which I shall now attempt to describe.

The medium compass of the voice, in those whose voices have been properly cultivated, is three octaves.* There is, however, a point of pitch at which the voice, in ascending

* It is said that the ear is capable of perceiving nine octaves.

the scale, is said to break. This point, in a majority of persons, is about two octaves above the lowest note of the voice. The natural voice embraces all the notes below this point; the falsetto, all the notes above it (see Diag. 2).

The Italians call the natural voice *voce di petto*, and the falsetto voice *voce di testa*;* because they suppose the former to come from the chest, and the latter from the head. This error has arisen from a want of anatomical and physiological knowledge of the vocal organs. Voice is never formed in the chest or in the head; it is always formed in the upper part of the larynx, at the aperture of the glottis. It is, however, formed higher or lower in the *throat*, according to its degree of acuteness or gravity. At the command of the will, the larynx may be elevated or depressed, and the aperture of the glottis enlarged or diminished. The larynx is the most depressed, and the aperture of the glottis the most dilated, when the gravest sound is formed; and the larynx is the most elevated, and the aperture of the glottis the most contracted, when the acutest sound is formed. Hence grave sounds appear to come from the chest, and acute ones from the head, or roof of the mouth. From this circumstance, no doubt, has arisen the error of calling the natural voice *voce di petto*, and the falsetto voice *voce di testa*.

The whispering voice does not, like the natural voice and the falsetto, owe its peculiarity to pitch, but to the absence of what is generally understood by the term *vocality*. The compass of the whispering voice is about an octave. My own extends through ten degrees of the scale.†

The natural pitch of the female voice is an octave above that of the male voice. The pitch of the female voice corresponds to that of the violin; the pitch of the male voice, to that of the violoncello. The voices of boys are of the same pitch as the female voice—one octave above a man's voice. When boys are about the age of fourteen, their voices undergo a change of pitch.

The notes of the falsetto voice‡ are called *treble;* the

* *Voce di petto* (Ital.), voice from the breast. *Voce di testa*, voice from the head.

† Notes analogous to those of the whispering voice may be made on the German flute, and some other wind instruments, through the compass of an octave.

‡ When I speak of the voice, I speak of the adult male voice, unless otherwise stated.

upper notes of the natural voice, *tenor;* and the lower notes of the natural voice, *bass.* (See Diag. 2.)

The divisions of the voice, as given by Italian authors, and adopted by many musicians of other countries, are as follows:

"There are three departments in the human voice, viz., the high, the middle, and the low. These departments are in the female, as well as in the male voice. *Soprano, mezzo soprano,* and *contralto,* are female voices. *Tenore, baritono,* and *basso,* are male voices."*

The reader will observe that the *falsetto* voice is not included in the above division.

To a bass, a baritone, and a contralto voice naturally good, or made so by cultivation, Dr. Rush applies the term *orotund.*

KEYS OF THE SPEAKING VOICE. (*Diag.* 3).

10	A	Vociferation.	
9	G		
8	F	Very spirited declamation.	Three millions of people,
7	E		
6	D	.....	armed in the holy cause of liberty,
5	C	Spirited declamation.	and in such a country as as we possess, etc.
4	Bb	Ordinary declamation.	My brave associates, etc.
3	A	Modest declamation.	Friends, Romans, etc.
		Ordinary narrative.	The tree of deepest, etc.
2	G	Dignified narrative.	He scarce had ceased, etc.
		Sublime description.	I had a dream which, etc.
1	F	Very solemn discourse.	O when shall day dawn, etc.

The *speaking* voice, in good elocution, seldom rises higher than a fifth above the lowest note of its compass. Supposing the lowest note which can be made with a full intonation to be F, the above scheme will show the relative pitch of keys, adapted to the expression of different kinds of sentiments.

* Introduction to the Art and Science of Music, by Phil. Trajetta

We not unfrequently meet with individuals who always speak in the highest key of the natural voice, and we occasionally meet with some who even speak in the falsetto. A high pitch in speech is unpleasant to a cultivated ear; and though it may answer in the business transactions of life, it is totally inadequate to the correct expression of sentiments of respect, veneration, dignity, and sublimity.

CHAPTER I.

INFLECTIONS.

INFLECTONS, in the science of elocution, are notes of speech—notes that, in regard to pitch, undergo a continual change during the time of their pronunciation.

Writers on elocution describe six different notes of speech, namely, the *rising inflection*, the *falling inflection*, the *acuto-grave circumflex inflection*, the *gravo-acute circumflex inflection*, the *acuto-gravo-acute circumflex inflection*, and the *gravo-acuto grave circumflex inflection*.

In the rising inflection, the movement of the voice is from grave to acute; in the falling inflection, from acute to grave; in the acuto-grave circumflex, from grave to acute, thence back to grave; in the gravo-acute circumflex, from acute to grave, thence back to acute; in the acuto-gravo-acute circumflex, from grave to acute, thence back to grave, and thence again to acute; in the gravo-acuto-grave circumflex, from acute to grave, thence back to acute, and thence again to grave.

In that part of this work which consists of Exercises in Reading and Declamation, these notes of speech are represented by the acute, grave, and circumflex accents, thus:

Rising inflection (′). Acuto-grave circumflex (ˆ).
Falling inflection (̀). Gravo-acute circumflex (ˇ).
Acuto-gravo-acute circumflex (᾽).
Gravo-acuto-grave circumflex (῀).

In reading and speaking, each syllable has some one of these inflections; but for *practical* purposes it is necessary to mark those only which are *emphatic*.

The various movements of the voice, in song and speech, may be explained in the following manner:

When the bow is drawn across an open string of the violin, or any of its species, a sound is produced of a uniform pitch from beginning to end. This sound is a pure note of music, and, so far as pitch is concerned, is identical with a note of song. When the bow is drawn across the same string, while the centre of the string is pressed down with the finger, a sound is produced similar to that of the open string, but an octave higher. The intermediate notes of the diatonic scale may be produced by pressing down the string at the proper places, and drawing the bow across it.

When a string of the violin is pressed down by the finger, and, at the same time, the finger is made to slide upon it towards the bridge of the instrument during the drawing of the bow, a sound is produced which gradually increases in acuteness from beginning to end. When the finger is made to slide in the opposite direction during the drawing of the bow, a sound is produced which gradually increases in gravity during its prolongation. When the finger is made to slide towards the bridge, and thence back again, during the drawing of the bow, a simple circumflex note is produced. When the finger is made to slide towards the bridge, thence back again, and thence again towards the bridge, during the drawing of the bow, a compound circumflex note is produced.

Other varieties of the slide might be given, but these are sufficient to answer the purpose of explanation.

"The slide is a grace of much simplicity and beauty, evidently drawn from nature. It expresses the most tender and affectionate emotions: we hear it in those little gusts of passion which mothers use in caressing their infants; it is one of the most endearing tones in the language of nature.

"The *portamento*, or carriage of the voice, as the Italians term it, is an easy mode of sliding from one tone to another. Hence second-rate singers find it a convenient method of encountering those notes which lie at remote and awkward distances. In some voices it is so fixed, by habit, that two bars cannot be sung without it. When so used it utterly destroys every pretence to good singing, by interposing an effect of the most sickening kind; when used with discretion, it adds much to the force of expression; and in Madame Caradori it was a grace both tender and agreeable.

"The violinist Paganini, the present wonder of the world, plays an entire cantabile* upon one string, sliding through all

* *Cantabile*, a term applied to movements intended to be per-

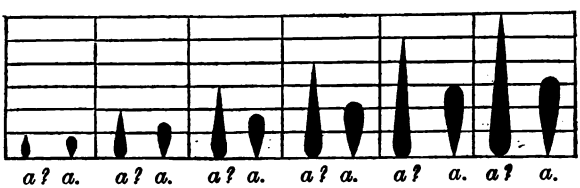
the intervals with a single finger—the effect of which is so plaintive and desolate, as to move his audience to tears. Velluti, the first singing-master of the age, uses this grace with incomparable beauty; in his voice it imparts a tenderness not to be described."*

The sliding notes above described are analagous to *drawling* notes of speech. Speech, to be natural, requires each syllable to be uttered with a certain degree of force. This force is always in proportion to the length of the syllable. A syllable is *drawled* when it is pronounced with inadequate force, in other words, with force less than that which constitutes the *minimum* degree of natural speech.

The extent of the concrete intervals of the notes of speech is various under various circumstances. A *rising* inflection *may* be carried through the whole compass of the voice. But in the most energetic *interrogation*, the voice seldom rises higher than an octave; though sometimes it extends to a tenth, or a twelfth. The smallest concrete interval does not, perhaps, exceed a quarter tone.

The concrete intervals of rising inflections are greater than those of their corresponding falling inflections. This may be illustrated by pronouncing the letter *a* interrogatively and affirmatively, several times, with increasing energy, making the intervals of each succeeding pair greater than those of the preceding, as shown by the following diagram:

RISING AND FALLING INFLECTIONS, THROUGH VARIOUS INTERVALS OF PITCH. (*Diag.* 4.)



In the above diagram, each falling inflection commences in a lower degree of pitch than that in which its

formed in a graceful, elegant, and melodious style.—*Busby's Dictionary of Music.*

* Gardiner's *Music of Nature*, p. 164-5.

corresponding rising inflection terminates. Should a falling inflection be made to extend through the same interval as its corresponding rising inflection, it would be a drawling note, and not a pure note of speech.

Falling inflections may be uttered with greater force than rising inflections. This is shown in Diag. 4, by the relative widths of the notes.

Rising inflections are far more numerous than falling inflections: the former constitute the main body of oral language, while the latter are employed for the purposes of emphasis, and in the formation of cadences. Rising inflections are often emphatic; but their emphasis is weaker than that of falling inflections.

The circumflexes are used for the purposes of emphasis. The acuto-grave circumflex, when carried through a wide interval, is employed for the expression of irony and scorn.* When the circumflexes are properly introduced, they are very expressive. These movements of the voice, however, are seldom required; when improperly employed, they affect the ear of a good reader as unpleasantly as the too frequent use of the portamento does that of a good musician.

Writers on Elocution have given numerous rules for the regulation of inflections, but most of these rules are better calculated to make *bad* readers than good ones. Those founded on the construction of sentences might perhaps do credit to a *mechanic*, but they certainly do none to an *elocutionist*.

The subject is of such a nature that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to give rules for the regulation of all the inflections of the voice in reading and speaking; and, as any rule on this part of elocution must necessarily be limited in its application, I have thought proper to dispense with them altogether. This work, however, does not leave the reader without a guide: in the practical part of it numerous examples are given, which, I

* "The circumflexes, *acuto-grave*, are characteristic of the Irish tone; and the circumflexes, *gravo-acute*, are characteristic of the Scottish tone."—Steele's *Prosodia Rationalis*.

trust, will have a tendency to form a correct taste. When the student shall have acquired a knowledge of the *principles* of elocution, he will have no occasion for *rules*.

The reader should bear in mind that a falling inflection gives more importance to a word than a rising inflection. Hence it should never be employed merely for the sake of *variety*, but for *emphasis* and *cadences*. Neither should a rising inflection be used for the sake of mere "*harmony*," where a falling inflection would better express the meaning of the author.

The *sense* should in *all* cases determine the direction of inflections. Hence the absurdity of the term "*harmonic inflection*," as employed by Walker and his disciples—an inflection which, *for the sake of harmony*, takes a direction contrary to that required by the sense. If a sentence is pronounced so as to bring out the sense in the most forcible manner, *all* the inflections must necessarily be *harmonic*, or, more correctly speaking, *melodic*.* Every modification of the voice which is not compatible with the sentiment, weakens the force of the elocution by drawing off the attention of the hearer from the *sense* to the *sound*.

CHAPTER II.

MELODY.

MELODY is a series of simple sounds emanating from the voice or an instrument, so varied in pitch as to produce a pleasing effect upon the ear. The series of *graphic* notes by which these sounds are represented, is also called melody.

Melody is distinguished from *harmony* by not necessarily including a combination of parts. The term *harmony*, as employed in the science of music, signifies a union of melodies, a succession of combined sounds moving at consonant intervals, according to the laws of modulation.*

* The term *harmonious* is correctly employed when applied to two or more sounds whose union is consonant or agreeable; it is incorreotly employed when applied to the notes of a single

Notation is the graphic representation of a melody; in other words, the expression of a melody by written characters.

Intonation is the act of sounding the notes of a melody, either with the voice or an instrument. When each note is produced in its proper degree of pitch, the intonation is true; when the intervals are not observed with exactness, the intonation is false. Correct intonation in speech is highly important; in song and instrumental music, it is indispensable; for, if the intonation is false, melody loses its charms, and harmony becomes discord.

The melody of speech is founded on *sense;* that of song generally on *sound.* Words containing opposite sentiments may be sung to the same air, with effects equally good, if the force and time be properly varied. Thus, if the two songs, *March to the Battle Field,* and *Oft in the Stilly Night,* be sung to the same air—the former with great force and in quick time, the latter with diminished force and in slow time—there will be as much difference of expression between them as there is between that of joy and sorrow.* But *speech* is not so accommodating. Here every sentence must not only have its appropriate *tune,* but the tune must be properly *pitched.*

The melody of song is graduated on a scale whose degrees are as definite as those of the scale of *Gunter.* But the melody of speech is not formed with such mathematical exactness; it has no scale of *determinate* degrees. Hence it is difficult to represent it *graphically,* to give to each note

"A local habitation and a name."

But even if an exact notation of the melody of speech

melody, as is done by some authors, who confound it with the word *melodious.*

* The reader must not infer that I entertain the opinion that in song, melody cannot be adapted to sentiment. I believe that if the composers of music were *elocutionists,* they would always construct their melodies with reference to the sentiments to be expressed.

should be given, it is doubtful whether it would be of much practical importance to the generality of mankind, as none but a Paganini would be able to read it. Such a notation, however, is a desideratum—it would be highly interesting to the philosopher; and I would advise all elocutionists who have a good ear for music, and can perform on stringed instruments of the violin species, to direct their attention to the subject.*

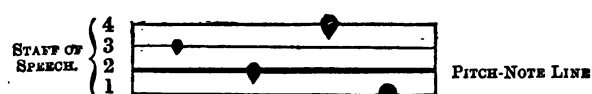
For *practical* purposes, however, it is not essential to present *every* syllable in speech under its proper note, as is done in song: it is only necessary to give a notation of the *relative* pitch of the *emphatic* syllables. Such a notation may be read by those who have no knowledge of music whatever, and consequently does not require the aid of a Paganini. Besides, if the relative pitch of the heavy or emphatic syllables and their inflections are given, the light or unemphatic syllables will naturally take their proper degrees of elevation.

The series of notes by which the relative pitch and inflections of the emphatic syllables are represented, is denominated an *emphasis melody*. The emphasis melodies are written on four horizontal, parallel lines. These lines are called the *staff of speech*, in contradistinction to the staff of music, which consists of *five* horizontal, parallel lines and the intermediate *spaces*.

"Ye are the things that tower, that shine, whose smile makes glad, whose frown is terrible."

In the above sentence there are four emphatic points, which are represented by the following

EXAMPLE OF EMPHASIS MELODY (*Diag.* 5).



tower, shine, glad, terrible.

* Any essays on this subject by one who cannot perform on a musical instrument, must prove entirely abortive.

Each note in the above diagram has the falling inflection, and no two have the same radical pitch. There is a gradual increase in the size of the notes from the first to the last, which represents a gradual increase of force, forming a sort of climax.

In that part of this work which consists of Exercises in Reading and Declamation, the notes of the emphasis melodies are represented by graphic inflections placed at different degrees of elevation, thus:

"Ye are the things that tow'er, that shine,, whose smile makes glad', whose frown is ter,rible."

In reading and speaking there is one note which predominates; and in *correct* reading and speaking, the pitch of this note is always in accordance with the sentiment. This predominant, leading, or *pitch-note of speech*, is written on the second line of the staff, counting from below To render the pitch-line conspicuous, it is made heavier than the other lines of the staff. (See Diag. 5.) In the Exercises in Reading and Declamation, the pitch-note is represented by the graphic inflection which commences at the centre of the body of the letter. (See the word *shine* in the foregoing example.) When one reads altogether in the pitch-note, the reading is monotonous; when the voice is properly varied in pitch, it occasionally rises a degree, or two degrees above, or descends a degree below it, as represented by the staff.

The reader must not conclude that the melody of speech is confined to four degrees of pitch, whose intervals are as determinate as those of the diatonic scale. The intervals between the several notes of an emphasis melody vary according to circumstances. In energetic declamation, and in interrogative and exclamatory sentences, they may be said to be at their *maximum;* in solemn and in plaintive discourse, at their *minimum.* Neither must the student conclude that the melody of speech consists solely of *emphasis melodies.* These form, as it were, the grand outlines of the picture, and the notes of the syllables not included in the emphasis melodies, constitute the filling up and the shading of it.

The graphic notes of song represent *absolute*, as well as *relative* pitch. But as the graphic notes of an emphasis melody of speech denote *relative* pitch only, two emphasis melodies similarly constructed, though different in their relative intervals, may be represented by the same series of graphic notes.

In reading emphasis melodies, beginners are apt to make the intervals too great. Care should be taken to avoid this fault, or the melody will be caricatured. A little practice under a good teacher will enable almost any one who is not insensible to the changes of pitch, to observe the proper intervals with tolerable accuracy. And as these melodies are founded in the nature of the subject, those who have a taste for elocution will scarcely require a teacher, for they will read them, as it were, by intuition.

CHAPTER III.

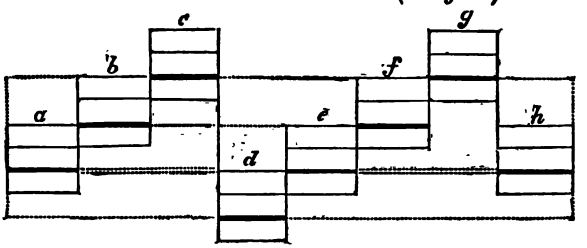
MODULATION.

MODULATION is a changing of the *pitch-note* to a higher or lower degree of elevation—in other words, it is the process of changing the *key*, or of passing from one key to another. This change is sometimes made to a proximate key; at other times, a bold and abrupt transition to a remote key is necessary to produce the desired effect. Modulation is generally attended with a change of force or time, and not unfrequently with a change of both. There is not a more important requisite in Elocution—nothing which contributes more to the pleasure of an audience, nothing which gives stronger proof that an orator is master of his art—than a well-regulated and expressive modulation. Modulation, however, should never be resorted to for the sake of mere *variety*—it should always be subservient to the sense; for it is the province of modulation to mark changes of sentiment, changes in the train of thought, and parenthetical clauses.

Under ordinary circumstances, the various modulations of the voice in reading and speaking may be represented by a staff of four lines. That this staff may not be confounded with the *staff of melody* described in the preceding chapter, it is made of lines composed of dots, and called the *staff of modulation*. The lines of this staff, like those of the staff of melody, are counted from below upward. The second line is called the *pitch-note line of the staff of modulation*.

A series of modulations, as represented by the following diagram, might very appropriately be termed a *melody of melodies*.

A SERIES OF MODULATIONS. (*Diag.* 6.)



This diagram shows the modulations of the voice in the correct reading of the following extract from *Ossian's Address to the Sun*:

(*a*) [2]The moon herself is lost in heaven; | (*b*) [3]but thou art for ever the same, | (*c*) [4]rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. | (*d*) [1]When the world is dark with tempests, | (*e*) [2]when thunder rolls, and lightning flies, | (*f*) [3]thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, | (*g*) [4]and laughest at the storm. | (*h*) [2]But to Ossian thou lookest in vain.

Staff *a*, in Diagram 6, is designed for the first section in the above extract; staff *b*, for the second section, and so on. The transition from *c* to *d* is abrupt, also that from *g* to *h*. The pitch-note of staff *a* is identical with that of staff *e* and that of staff *h*, and corresponds to the pitch-note of modulation.

In that part of this work which consists of Exercises in Reading and Declamation, the modulations of the voice are indicated by *small numerals* prefixed to the words where the transitions should take place. These numerals are 1, 2, 3, 4, and represent respectively the first, second, third, and fourth line of the staff of *modulation*. This is shown in the preceding extract from *Ossian's Address to the Sun*. No. 2 is prefixed to the *first* section, to show that this section is to be read in the *pitch-note of modulation;* No. 3 is prefixed to the *second* section, to show that this section should be read in the *third* degree of the staff of modulation; No. 4 is prefixed to the *third* section, to show that this section should be read in the *fourth* degree of the staff of modulation; No. 1 is prefixed to the *fourth* section, to show that this section should be read in the *first* degree of the staff of modulation; and so on (see the Extract and Diag. 6).

Some public speakers, who are ignorant of the principles of Elocution, but who nevertheless are considered by the *vulgar* as great orators, modulate their voices in the most erratic and hyperbolical manner. I once heard a clergyman pronounce the following sentence in the way which I shall describe:

"While God's omniscient eye passes from seat to seat, | and ranges throughout the house, | he beholds what is passing in every heart."

The first section, *while God's omniscient eye passes from seat to seat*, he pronounced in the first degree above the lowest note of his voice; the second section, *and ranges throughout the house*, he uttered with great force, in the highest note of his natural voice; the third section, *he beholds what is passing in every heart*, he pronounced with a mixture of vocality and aspiration in the lowest note of his voice. Such wild and extravagant transitions, though they may astonish the ignorant, "cannot but make the judicious grieve." The manner in which the speaker pronounced the first and third section in the above sentence is good; and had he pronounced the second section in the same pitch and force with the first, his elocution would have been faultless.

There are other public speakers who never modulate their voices, however necessary it may be to give proper expression to their sentiments; and, what is worse, they generally pitch their voices a third, a fifth, or an octave too high. I once listened to an excellent discourse, from a very learned man, which, however, was nearly lost upon the audience from the disgusting manner in which it was delivered. The lecturer pitched his voice an octave

too high, and spoke an hour and a half, without any variation in pitch, force, or time; and, what rendered his delivery still more offensive, every syllable was marred with an intolerable drawling. Such elocution is discreditable to any man who speaks in public, and ought not to be tolerated by an educated community.

SECTION III.

FORCE.

FORCE is the degree of the loudness of sounds. It is also the degree of exertion with which sounds are made.

A lax division of force is into loud and soft: those sounds are called loud which are made with greater effort than the ordinary tones of conversation, and those are called soft which are made with less effort.

Some use the terms *high* and *low*, as synonymous with *loud* and *soft*. But this is an improper application of these words. High and low regard the acuteness and gravity of sounds only, and not their force; a sound may be high and soft, as well as high and loud—a sound may also be low and loud, as well as low and soft.

For convenience, force is divided into nine degrees. These degrees are expressed by the following abbreviations:—

ppp (*pianissimo*), ... as soft as possible.
pp (*più piano*), ... more soft, very soft.
p (*piano*), ... soft.
mp (*mezzo piano*), .. middling soft, rather soft.
m (*mezzo*), ... half middle, mean.
mf (*mezzo forte*), ... middling loud, rather loud.
f (*forte*), ... loud.
ff (*più forte*), ... more loud, very loud.
fff (*fortissimo*), ... as loud as possible.

The nine degrees of force are represented by Diag. 6. The upper line of the diagram contains notes of song, the lower one notes of speech.

Force may be considered in reference to its application to sentences and paragraphs, as well as in reference to

its application to syllables. The application of force to sentences may be varied in the following manner :—

1. A sentence may be pronounced with uniform force.

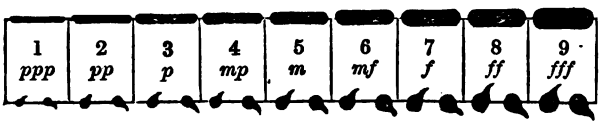
2. A sentence may be pronounced with a gradual diminution of force.

3. A sentence may be pronounced with a gradual increase of force.

4. The first part of a sentence may be pronounced with a gradual increase of force, and the second part with a gradual diminution of force.

5. The first part of a sentence may be pronounced with a gradual diminution of force, and the second part with a gradual increase of force.

FORCE, OR STRESS (*Diag.* 7).



Force, however, is generally applied to sentences in a more irregular manner. It should always be varied according to the varying demands of sentiment.

Force applied to a *note* or *syllable*, is denominated stress.

Radical stress is the application of force at the beginning of a note or syllable; it corresponds to the *diminuendo* in music.

Diagram 8.

Median stress is the application of force at the middle

of a note or syllable; it corresponds to the swell or *crescendo et diminuendo* in music.

Final stress is the application of force at the end of a note, or syllable; it corresponds to the *crescendo*, or rather *rinforzando*,* in music.

Explosive stress is the abrupt application of force to a note or syllable; it corresponds to the *forzando* in music.

Tremour is iterated stress on a note or syllable. Examples of the tremour are given in the following diagram:

Diagram 9.

The tremour, in all its forms, may be illustrated on the violin by sounding the notes with a vibratory motion of the bow.

Great attention should be paid to the subject of force, as much of what is called *expression*, depends on some modification of this attribute of the voice. Indeed, force may be considered the *light* and *shade* of elocution.

SECTION IV.

TIME.

TIME is the measure of sounds in regard to their duration.

Time, in song and instrumental music, is divided into

* *Rinforzando* is a sudden increase of sound from softness to loudness.

equal measures by rhythmical pulsation—in other words, by a periodical return of similar accents.* In graphic music, these measures are rendered conspicuous to the eye by vertical bars, as in the following line of poetry:

| Hail to the | chief who in | triumph ad- | vances. |

In speech there is also a return of similar accents, but they do not always occur at regular intervals of time. Hence the rhythm of speech, like its melody, is more or less irregular.

The time of a note or syllable, is called *quantity*. The time of a *rest* is also called quantity; because *rests*, as well as notes, are a constituent of rhythm. Hence the characters used for the expression of quantity, are either of sound or silence. The former are called notes; the latter, rests. These characters, and their relative lengths, are as follows:

Notes.		Rests.	
Semibreve,	= 4	Semibreve Rest,	= 4
Minim,	= 2	Minim Rest,	= 2
Crotchet,	= 1	Crotchet Rest,	= 1
Quaver,	= ½	Quaver Rest,	= ½
Semiquaver,	= ¼	Semiquaver Rest,	= ¼
Demi-Semiquaver,	= ⅛	Demi-Semiquaver Rest,	= ⅛

Hence, a semibreve is equal to two minims; equal to four crotchets; equal to eight quavers, etc.

A dot following a note, or rest, increases its length in one-half—in other words, increases its length in the ratio of 2 to 3. Thus, a dotted semibreve (𝅝.) is equal to a semibreve and a minim (𝅝𝅗𝅥), or to three minims (𝅗𝅥𝅗𝅥𝅗𝅥);

* It is rhythmical pulsation which enables a band of musicians to perform in concert. It is this also which enables a company of soldiers to march synchronously, and which governs the movements of the feet in dancing.

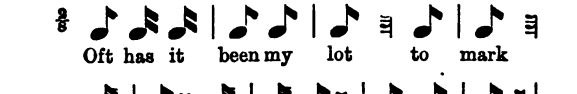
a dotted minim (𝅗𝅥·), to a minim and a crotchet (𝅗𝅥♩), or to three crotchets (𝅗𝅥♩♩); and so on.

There are two general modes of time—*common* and *triple*. In common time each measure is divisible by 2; in triple time each measure is divisible by 3.

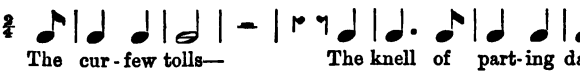
There are several varieties of each of these modes of time. When a piece is in common time, and each measure contains two quavers, or their equivalent, the figures $\frac{2}{8}$ are prefixed to the words, or the music; when each measure contains two crotchets, the figures $\frac{2}{4}$ are prefixed; and when each measure contains four crotchets, a capital C, or the figures $\frac{4}{4}$ are prefixed. When a piece is in triple time, end each measure contains three quavers, the figures $\frac{3}{8}$ are prefixed to the words, or the music; when each measure contains three crotchets, the figures $\frac{3}{4}$ are prefixed; and when each measure contains six quavers, the figures $\frac{6}{8}$ are prefixed to the words, or the music. The upper figure, in each of these cases, shows how many notes of a certain description there are in each measure; and the lower figure, how many of these notes are equal in value to a semibreve.

EXAMPLES.

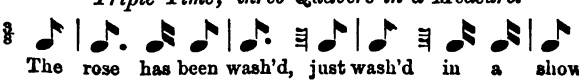
Common Time; two Quavers in a Measure.



Common Time; two Crotchets in a Measure.



Triple Time; three Quavers in a Measure.



MOVEMENT

Movement is the velocity with which a sentence is read or sung, or a strain of instrumental music is played.

The rate of movement should be such as the sentiment demands. Solemn discourse requires a slow movement; simple narrative, a medium rate of utterance; animated description, as well as all language expressive of any sudden passion, as joy, anger, etc., a movement more or less rapid, according to the intensity of emotion. In the science of music, various terms have been employed to denote the rate of movement, the principal of which are the following:—

ADAGIO,..... very slow; the slowest time.
Largo, ... slow time.
Larghetto, ... slow, but not so slow as largo.
ANDANTE, ... medium time.
Andantino,.. a little quicker than andante.
Allegretto, ... rather quick, but not so quick as allegro.
ALLEGRO,.... quick time.
Presto,..... very quick.
Prestissimo,. as quick as possible.

Adagio, andante, and allegro, are the three chief divisions of time; the other terms mark the intermediate degrees.

In addition to the foregoing terms, which mark the movement, there are others which indicate the style of performance. Some of these are as follows:—

Affetuóso,. affectionate—a soft and delicate style of performance.
Brillánte,. shining, sparkling—a gay, showy style.
Furióso,... fierce, mad—a vehement style.
Spiritóso,. spirited—a spirited style.

Sometimes these terms are used in connection with those which express the rate of movement, thus:—

Allégro con spirito, quick with spirit—in a quick and spirited manner.

The rate of movement is not *definitely* marked by the terms *adagio*, *largo*, *larghetto*, etc.; it may, however, be designated with precision by means of the

METRONOME.

This instrument has a graduated pendulum, to which is attached a sliding weight. The higher this weight is moved upon the pendulum, the slower are its vibrations; and the contrary. When the weight corresponds to the number 50, the vibrations of the pendulum are the slowest; when it corresponds to 160, they are the quickest. All the numbers on the instrument have reference to a *minute of time.* Thus, when the weight is placed at 50, fifty beats or ticks occur in a minute; when at 60, sixty beats in a minute; when at 100, one hundred beats in a minute, etc.

In reading, as a general rule, the time should be marked on the metronome by whole measures—in other words, each measure should correspond to one tick of the instrument.

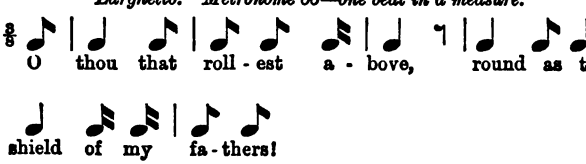
EXAMPLES OF THE SEVERAL MOVEMENTS.

In the following examples, the words which indicate the movement and the corresponding numbers on the metronome, are both employed.

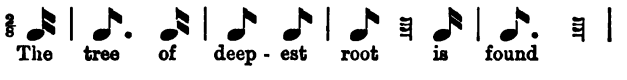
Adagio. Metronome 60—two beats in a measure.

Largo. Metronome 56—one beat in a measure.

Larghetto. Metronome 66—one beat in a measure.

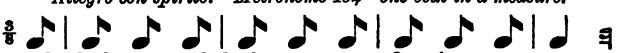


Andante. Metronome 76—one beat in a measure.

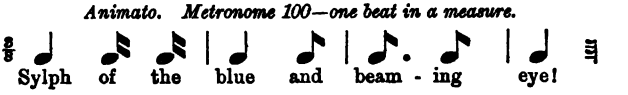
Andantino. Metronome 100—one beat in a measure.

Allegretto. Metronome 112—one beat in a measure.

* NOTE.—The figure 3 over the three quavers which compose the first measure, signifies that they are to be pronounced in the time of two.

Allegro con spirito. Metronome 104—one beat in a measure.



Animato. Metronome 100—one beat in a measure.



PART II.

GESTURE.

GESTURE is the various postures and motions employed in vocal delivery: as the postures and motions of the head, face, shoulders, trunk, arms, hands, fingers, lower limbs, and the feet.

Graceful and appropriate gesture renders vocal delivery far more pleasing and effective. Hence its cultivation is of primary importance to those who are ambitious of accomplishment in elocution.

CHAPTER I.

POSTURES OF THE BODY.

THE postures of the body, with respect to vocal delivery, may be divided into favourable and unfavourable; and, the better to suit my purpose in giving their illustration, I shall first treat of the unfavourable.

The most unfavourable posture is the horizontal. If a reader or a speaker should lie prone, or supine, he would not be likely to deliver a discourse with energy and effect. I have never known an *orator* to deliver a discourse in the horizontal posture; but I have known individuals to speak in public in postures almost as inappropriate.

The human mind is so constituted, that, in its education, order becomes almost indispensable. Hence, any thing that interrupts methodical instruction is a serious

obstacle to the growth of intellect. Nor is order more necessary than perseverance; consequently all postures of the body which are calculated for repose, should be avoided by the student in elocution. And as grace and dignity are of primary importance in vocal delivery, all postures which are inconsistent with these attributes should also be avoided.

The erect posture of the body is the best for vocal delivery; the trunk and limbs should be braced in proportion to the degree of energy required by the sentiments to be delivered. The right foot should be from two to four inches in advance of the left, and the toes turned a little outwards; meanwhile the body should be principally sustained by the left foot.

The next best is the *erect* sitting posture, in which the shoulders do not rest against the back of the seat, and in which the body is retained in its proper position by muscular action.

The next best is the *erect* sitting posture in which the shoulders rest against the back of the seat.

These are the only postures which are at all favourable to vocal delivery.

MANNER OF HOLDING THE BOOK.

The book should be held in the left hand, from six to eight inches from the body, and as high as the centre of the breast, so as to bring the face nearly perpendicular. It should not, however, be held so high as to prevent the audience from having a view of the reader's mouth, as his voice would thereby be more or less obstructed. The fingers of the right hand may take hold of the margin of the book lightly, so as to be ready to turn over the leaves, as occasion may require; or they may be placed upon the page, just below the line the reader is pronouncing, to aid him in keeping his place; or, particularly if the reader is pronouncing an original composition, the right hand may be employed to illustrate and enforce the sentiments by appropriate gesticulation. If the reader be a lady, the

right hand may support the left arm. I do not, however, advise ladies to adopt this posture exclusively, but deem it not ungraceful for them.

The eyes should occasionally be directed from the words of the discourse to the audience.

In demonstrating on the black-board, the face, and not the back, should be turned to the audience.

CHAPTER II.

NOTATION OF GESTURE.

THE want of a language for expressing the different modifications of gesture with brevity and perspicuity, is the principal cause of the general neglect with which the cultivation of this art has hitherto been treated. For this desideratum the world is indebted to the Rev. Gilbert Austin of London. In 1806, this distinguished elocutionist published a quarto volume of six hundred pages; and from that work I have taken the system of notation, of which the following is a specimen:—

When the right arm is elevated backwards, and the left extended forwards, in a horizontal direction, he calls the posture of the former *elevated backwards*, and notes it *eb;* and the posture of the latter *horizontal forwards*, and notes it *hf*. Now the abbreviations *eb* and *hf* are placed over any word which requires these postures of the arms, thus:—

eb — hf
Jehovah's arm
Snatch'd from the waves, and brings to me my son!*
—*Douglas*, Act. III.

The original idea of this system of notation, says Mr. Austin, was suggested by the labour of teaching declama-

* Although an explanation of the gestures on *Jehovah's arm*, in the above sentence, is sufficient to answer my present purpose, it may not be improper to inform the reader that another gesture is required on the word *son*.

tion in the usual manner. During this labour, which for many years constituted a part of his duty in his grammar-school, the author having often found that he forgot, on a following day, his own mode of instructing on a former, wished to be able to invent some permanent marks, in order to establish more uniformity in his instructions, for the ease both of himself and of his pupils. The mode of instruction is not so liable to change, with respect to the expression of the voice and countenance, for this is always pointed out by the sentiment. But the great difficulty lies in ascertaining and marking the suitable gesture; and for these obvious reasons, because a language of gesture was wanting, and because gesture may be infinitely varied, and yet, perhaps, be equally just. To leave the pupil to choose for himself would but distract him, and, instead of giving him freedom and grace, would deprive him of both. On his commencement as a public speaker (which cannot be too early), it is necessary to teach him everything, and to regulate, by rules, every possible circumstance in his delivery; his articulation, accent, emphasis, pauses, etc., and along with all his gesture. After sufficient instruction and practice, he will regulate his own manner according to the suggestions of his judgment and taste.

Among the higher objects of this system of notation may be reckoned its uses as a record, whence the historical painter may derive the materials of truth, and whence the orator and the elocutionist may not only obtain the instructions of the great men who have preceded them in the same career, but by which also they may secure, unalterably, their own improvements for the advancement of their art, and for the benefit of posterity. A scene of Shakspeare, or a passage of Milton, so noted, after the manner of a great master of recitation, or an oration so noted as delivered by an admired speaker, would prove an enduring study of truth and nature combined with imagination. And the aspiring orator would not be obliged, as at present, to invent for himself an entire system of action. He might derive light from the burn-

ing lamps of the dead, and proceed at once, by their guidance, towards the highest honours of his profession.

Had the ancients possessed the art of notating their delivery, such was the unwearied diligence of their great orators, Demosthenes and Cicero, that we should, most probably, at this day, be in possession of their manner of delivery, as well as the matter of their orations; and not be limited to conjecture relative to a single sentence of these eminent speakers, on the great occasions which called forth their powers.

CHAPTER III.

POSITION.

THE parts of the human figure which are brought into action in gesture, cannot, in truth, be considered separate; for every muscle, over which men can exercise voluntary action, contributes, in some measure, to the perfection of gesture. For convenience, however, we may enumerate and class the most distinguished parts of the body which effect the principal gestures. , These are:—

1. The HEAD.
2. The SHOULDERS.
3. The TRUNK.
4. The ARMS.
5. The HANDS and FINGERS.
6. The LOWER LIMBS and KNEES.
7. The FEET.

I shall begin, as it were, with the foundation of the building, and shall first consider the positions and motions of

OF THE FEET AND LOWER LIMBS;

since without the stability and ease of these, neither grace nor dignity can consist in the standing figure.

As the object of the orator is to persuade, and as prejudice against his person or manners may greatly impede him, he must recommend himself by every attention to his external deportment which may be deemed correct and proper, and guard against every species of inelegance

that may prove disadvantageous. He must, therefore, even in his posture as he stands, prefer manly dignity and grace to awkward rusticity and rude strength. Rude strength may suit him who wishes to terrify or to insult; but this is rarely the purpose of a public speaker. Grace and decorum win favour, and this is the general object. Rude strength stands indeed with stability, but without grace.

The gracefulness of motion in the human form, or perhaps in any other, consists in the facility and security with which it is executed. And the grace of any postures (except such as are manifestly designed for repose), consists in the apparent facility with which they can be varied. Hence, in the standing figure, the posture is graceful when the weight of the body is principally supported by one limb, whilst the other is so placed as to be ready to relieve it promptly, and without effort. And as the limbs are formed for a mutual share of labour and of honour, so their alternation in posture, and in motion, is agreeable and graceful.

The body must then be supported, if grace be consulted, on either limb, like Apollo, Antinous, and other beautiful and well-executed statues.

The positions of the feet are expressed by the notation annexed, which is to be written *under* the word where the speaker is to assume such position. They are the following:—

First Position of the Right Foot, noted R1.—In this position the right foot (advanced before the left about the breadth of the foot), forms, with the left, an angle of about seventy-five degrees. The principal weight of the body is sustained by the left foot; the right rests lightly, but in its whole length, upon the floor.

Second Position of the Right Foot, noted R2.—In this position, the right foot, sliding forward about half its length, receives the principal weight of the body, the left being raised, and turning as far inwards towards the right; the ball of the left great toe only lightly touching the floor, to keep the body from tottering. The right foot principally sustains the weight of the body. In this position, when the feet are near together, the entire sole of the left foot may lightly touch the floor; but when the feet are separated about their own length, or more, the left should touch only near the great toe; the knee should be bent, and the heel turned inward.

First Position of the Left Foot, noted L1.—This position of the left foot is, in all respects, analogous to the first position of the right. The left foot is advanced, and the body is principally supported by the right.

The first position of the *right* foot is the proper reading position, when no gesture is employed; but it should be occasionally alternated with the first position of the left, for the relief of the supporting muscles.

Second Position of the Left Foot, noted L2.—This position of the left foot is, in all respects, analogous to the second position of the right.

The first position of either foot, but particularly that of the right (because the more graceful), is the proper reading position. It is also the proper rising position of the orator. But should he stretch forth his arms towards the audience, when he begins to speak, he should take the second position.

Besides the four positions above mentioned, there are two others, which may be called positions in front. The heels are placed nearly together, and the body is supported, alternately, on the right and left foot, whilst the toes of the other lightly touch the floor. The angle formed by the feet, in these positions, is somewhat greater than a right angle. In other respects they are similar to the ordinary positions.

The Right Position in Front, noted RF, is when the body is supported on the left foot.

The Left Position in Front, noted LF, is when the body is supported on the right foot. The position in front is used when persons are addressed alternately, on either side, whilst the audience are in front, as on the stage. It is not graceful, and should not be too often used; it is too stiff and formal, like the military figure, and presents the body with too much uniformity and flatness.

Connected with these positions which express the moderate state of the feet, are marked the same positions in the extended state. These differ from the moderate, principally, in the greater separation of the feet. The second position extended, enlarges the angle a few degrees by drawing up the heel of the retired foot. The first extended position is made when a person retires in any degree of alarm; and the second, when he advances with boldness. An *x* is added to the notation to express the extended position, thus: R1*x.*; R2*x.*, etc.

The *contracted* position may be easily understood by supposing the heels to be brought close together. A *c* is added to the notation, to express the contracted position, thus: R1c.

The several acts resulting from the changes in the positions of the feet, are, *advancing* (noted *a*); *retiring* (*r*); *traversing* (*tr*); *starting* (*s* or *st.*); *stamping* (*sp*), etc. K expresses *kneeling;* and S *aside.*

The attitude of the orator should not be like that of the affected dancing-master, which is adapted to springing agility and conceited display. The orator should adopt such attitudes and positions only as consist with manly simplicity and grace. The toes should be turned, not inwards, like those of the awkward rustic, but moderately outwards; and the limbs should be so disposed as to support the body with ease, and to change with facility. The sustaining foot should be planted firmly; the leg braced, but not contracted; and the knee straightened. (contraction suits the spring necessary for the dancer, and bent knees belong to feebleness or timidity); the other foot and limb should press lightly, and be held relaxed, so as to be ready for immediate change and action, except in very energetic delivery, where both limbs should be braced. The trunk of the body should be well balanced, and sustained erect upon the supporting limb, except in such instances as particularly require its inclination, as veneration, supplication, etc. The orator should *face* his audience. Whatever his position may be, he should present himself, as Quintilian expresses, *æquo pectore* and never in the fencer's attitude.

In changing the positions of the feet, the motions should be made with the utmost simplicity, and free from the parade and sweep of dancing. All changes, except where particular energy requires the speaker to stamp, start back, or advance with marked decision, should be made almost imperceptibly. The changes should not be too frequent: frequent change gives the idea of anxiety and instability, which are unfavourable to an orator.*

* I have frequently seen college students take three steps to the right, then three to the left, then three again to the right, and so on, till they had changed their position fifteen times during the delivery of a discourse which did not occupy them more than ten minutes. And I have known a clergyman to traverse the whole length of his pulpit twenty-three times during the delivery of a sermon. Such erratic movements in a public speaker are undignified: they betray a want of judg-

THE MOTIONS OF THE ARMS AND HANDS.

In ascertaining the import of any posture of either arm, or hand, it is important to consider the posture in connection with the action by which it is produced; for any posture of the arm, or hand, may sustain different significant characters, because different actions give the same posture an entirely different import. This must be obvious to all who reflect that the effect of the posture greatly depends upon the exact character of the motion, which is produced partly by the direction which the motion takes, partly by the force with which it is commenced, and partly by the distance through which it passes.

The motions of the hands and arms together, are, therefore, considered: *first*, as to their direction; and *secondly*, as to their manner of moving. The energy is not here taken into account. These motions are noted by the fourth and fifth small letters, should so many be necessary.

In the direction of the motion, gestures are considered as ascending, noted *a;* descending, *d;* to the right, *r;* to the left, *l;* forwards, *f;* backwards, *b;* revolving *v.* The stars, connected with the hand by dots, show the various points from which the motion of the gestures has commenced.

As to the manner of motion, gesture may be considered as—

Noting, noted *n.* When the hand is first drawn back and raised, and then advanced, and, with a gentle stroke, depressed.

Projecting or *pushing*, *p.* When the arm is first retracted, and then thrust forward in the direction in which the hand points.

Waving, *w.* When the fingers are first pointed downwards, and then, by a smart motion of the elbow and wrist, the hand is flung upward in a vertical direction.

The *flourish*, *fl.* A circular movement above the head.

ment, and are exceedingly annoying to an audience. An orator should "*keep in his place:*" he should perform all the movements of his feet within the limits of thirty-six inches square, and not be continually running about the room as if labouring under the effects of nitrous oxide.

The *sweep, sw.* A curved movement, descending from the opposite shoulder, and rising with velocity to the utmost extent of the arm, or the reverse; changing the position of the hand from supine to vertical, in the first case, and from vertical to supine, in the latter. The sweep is sometimes doubled, by returning the arm through the same arch. *

Beckoning, bk. When with the forefinger, or the whole hand, the palm being turned inwards, a motion is made in the direction of the breast.

Repressing, rp. The reverse of the preceding gesture, when the forefinger, or the whole hand, the palm turned outwards, makes a motion in opposition to the person addressed. The motions, in these last two gestures, are often repeated.

Striking, st. When the whole forearm, and the hand along with it, descend from a higher elevation rapidly, and with a degree of force like a stroke which is arrested, when it has struck what it was aimed against.

Recoiling, rc. When after a stroke, as in the former gesture, the arm and hand return to the position whence they proceeded.

Advancing, ad. When the hand being first moved downwards and backwards, in order to obtain greater space for action, is then moved regularly forwards, and raised as high as the horizontal position, a step being, at the same time, made in advance, to aid the action.

Springing, sp. When the hand, having nearly arrived at the intended limit of gesture, flies suddenly up to it by a quick motion of the wrist, like the blade of a pocket knife, when it suddenly and decidedly snaps into its proper situation by the recoil of the spring.

Throwing, th. When the arm, by the force of the gesture, is thrown as it were, in the direction of the person addressed.

* The late John Kemble, says Mr. Austin, used the double sweep, with fine effect, on these words:

The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.—*Hamlet.*

Clinching, cl. When the hand is suddenly clinched, and the arm raised in a posture of threatening, or contempt.

Collecting, ll. When the arm, from an extended posture, sweeps inwards.

Shaking, sh. When a tremulous motion is made by the arm and hand.

Pressing, pr. When the hand, already laid on some part, the effort of pressing is marked by raising the elbow, and contracting the fingers.

Retracting, rt. When the arm is withdrawn, preparatory to projecting, or pushing; or in order to avoid an object either hateful or horrible.

Rejecting, rj, is the action of pushing the hand vertically towards the object, and, at the same time, averting the head.

Bending, bn, is the gesture preparatory to striking.

The gestures here given will suffice, as a specimen of some of the most useful in this class.

THE HEAD, THE EYES, THE SHOULDERS, AND THE BODY.

As the head gives the chief grace to the person, so does it principally contribute to the expression of grace in delivery.

The head should be held in an erect and natural posture; for, when hung down, it expresses humility, or diffidence; when thrown back, arrogance; and when inclined to one side, languor or indifference. The movements of the head should be suited to the character of the delivery; they should accord with the gesture, and fall in with the action of the hands and the motions of the body.

The head is capable of many appropriate expressions. Besides those nods which signify assent, or approbation and rejection, there are motions of the head, known, and common to all, which express modesty, doubt, admiration and indignation. But to use the gesture of the head alone, unaccompanied by any other gesture, is considered faulty. It is also a fault to shake or nod the head frequently, to toss it violently, or to agitate the hair, by rolling it about.

The most usual motions and postures of the head are as follows:—

Postures and Motions of the Head.		*Direction of the Eyes*	
Inclined, noted - - -	I	Forwards, noted - - -	F
Erect, " - - -	E	Averted, " - - -	A
Assenting, " - - -	As	Downwards, " - - -	D
Denying, " - - -	Dn	Upward, " - - -	U
Shaking, " - - -	Sh	Around, " - - -	R
Tossing, " - - -	Ts	Vacuity, or Vacancy,* " - - -	V
Aside, " - - -	S		

In the notation, the head and eyes may, without confusion, be considered together.

The motions of the trunk contribute much to the effect in delivery. The gestures of the arms and hands, therefore, should always be supported by the accompaniment of the body. Not by affected and ridiculous contortions, but by the manly and free exertions of the muscles of the body, the general consent of which is indispensable to the production of graceful motion. The raising up, or shrugging of the shoulders, in order to express indifference, or contempt, is merely theatrical, and should be sparingly used, even on the stage.

The postures of the trunk might also be enumerated, and be subjected to the rules of notation; but this would be unnecessary, as they are in general sufficiently understood, being the accompaniment of the motions of the head, the arms and the hands.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STROKE AND TIME OF GESTURE.

THE arm, the forearm, the hand, and the fingers, form the grand instrument of gesture, or, as Cicero calls it, "the weapon of the orator." The centre of motion of

* *Queen.* Alas! how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse?—*Hamlet.*

this compound instrument is the shoulder. These parts do not move together in the manner of an inflexible line; but each separate joint often becomes a new centre of motion for the portion between it and the extremity.

In gesticulating, this complex instrument does not continue long in one direct line, nor in any particular flexure, but changes every moment the angles formed at the different joints, which adds grace and variety to the motions. The farther any portion of this complex line is from the centre of motion, the greater space does it pass through. The least motion, therefore, is that made by the upper arm, and the greatest that made by the hand: from this circumstance alone, the gestures of the latter are conspicuous. In gesticulating, the hand has not only the advantage of being placed at the extremity of the line farthest from the centre of motion; but, by means of the joint at the wrist, it can spring with increased velocity on approaching the point to which its gesture is directed. This action of the hand is termed the *stroke* of the gesture; and it should be marked by different degrees of force, according to the energy of the sentiment. In high passion, it should be distinguished by a strong percussion; and in the more moderate state of the speaker's feelings, merely by a turn of the hand, by a change of posture, or elevation of the arm, or by a momentary arrest of the motion of the gesture in its transitions.

The stroke of the gesture is analogous to the emphasis of the voice; and they should both fall exactly on the accented syllable of the emphatic word. In this way the emphatic force of the voice, and the stroke of the gesture, co-operate in presenting the idea in the most lively manner, to the eye as well as to the ear.

There are other points of analogy between the voice and gesture which deserve consideration. In the simple and narrative parts of a discourse, there is little effort or variety of expression in the voice. Under the same circumstances, the gesture, if any is used, should be tame and simple; but, in the more impassioned parts, both

should be equally exerted. The gesture, also, in many instances, nearly imitates the manner of the inflections of the voice. When the voice rises, the gesture naturally ascends; and when the voice makes the falling inflection, or lowers its pitch, the gesture follows it by a corresponding descent; and, in the level and monotonous pronunciation of the voice, the gesture seems to observe a similar limitation, by moving rather in the horizontal direction, without much varying its elevation.

Some writers say, that, "in calm discourse, the words and the gestures should generally accompany each other; but, in impassioned discourse, the feelings of the speaker should first be manifested in the eyes; then, by the countenance; next, by the gesture; and, lastly, by the words." This is not just. In all discourse, whether calm or impassioned, the words and the gestures should accompany each other. As, in beating time in music, the beat is made on the accented part of the measure, so in speaking, the stroke of the gesture should fall on the accented syllable of the emphatic word. The emotion which calls forth the word, at the same moment prompts the gesture. Hence, the muscles of gesticulation should move synchronously and harmoniously with those of the voice. When gesture is not marked by the precision of the stroke, in the proper places, it is very offensive. The arms, like those of a person groping in the dark, seem to wander about in quest of some uncertain object; and the action is of that faulty kind which is called *sawing the air*. Even graceful motions, unmarked by the precision of the stroke of the gesture, as sometimes seen, particularly among singers on the stage, lose much of their force, and very soon cease to afford pleasure. All the unmeaning motions of public speakers are attended with the same ill effect as a mouthing and canting tone of declamation, which lays no emphasis with just discrimination, but swells and falls with a vain affectation of feeling, and with absolute deficiency both in taste and judgment.

CHAPTER V.

THE FREQUENCY, MODERATION, AND INTERMISSION OF GESTURE.

As gesture is used for the illustration or enforcement of language, it should be limited in its application to such words and passages only as admit, or rather require, such illustration or enforcement. That is, gesture should not be used by a public speaker on every word where it is possible to apply it without manifest impropriety; but it should rather be reserved for such passages as require to be rendered more prominent than the others, and to be more highly coloured. A judicious speaker will therefore reserve his gesture, at least the force and ornament of it, for those parts of his discourse for which he also reserves the brilliancy of language and thought. Sometimes, the absolute intermission of gesture is advantageous, as in the commencement or opening of arguments. When an argument is nearly concluded, moderate gesture will give it more force, and relieve the monotony of a mere dry demonstration, should the spirit of the composition admit such addition.

In all discourses, the frequency of gesture will be determined, in general, by the number, the novelty, and the discrimination of ideas. In every well-constructed sentence, some new idea is advanced, which may be marked by a suitable gesture; and possibly the various limitations and modifications of it will also admit of a similar distinction. Thus each separate clause, or member of a sentence, may admit a distinct gesture on the principal word; and as each epithet is a distinct quality, added to the principal name, and as each adverb has the same effect on the principal action expressed by the verb, a new gesture may be made on each. But for this purpose, unless the word is emphatic, a turn of the hand, a small motion in the transverse or vertical direction, or a slight inclination of the head, is sufficient.

In a sentence where every word is emphatic, each may be marked with a gesture. Sentences of this kind generally condense, in a small compass, valuable information, and should therefore be strongly enforced and marked with precision. They should, however, be delivered distinctly and *deliberately*, or the gestures will confuse the sentiment, and even cast a degree of ridicule upon it, as may be found by pronouncing the following serious observation with different degrees of rapidity.

shf—		*nef—*		*shf st—*
Man	is	born	to	trouble.
com.		*susp.*		*emph. & ter.*

Neither the emphatic gesture, nor the force of the voice, always falls on those words which are the principal, in a grammatical sense—the nouns and verbs. The gesture sometimes falls on the word which modifies each —on the adjective, which expresses the quality of the noun, or on the adverb, which has a similar effect upon the action or assertion of the verb.

The same notation, applied to a vehement passage, requires the arm to be raised higher than when it is applied to one of the contrary character. A judicious speaker will often omit his gesture altogether, and use it only when absolutely necessary to illustrate, or to enforce his sentiments. Gesture may be said to hold the place of high seasoning; it must, therefore, be managed with discretion, lest it should defeat its own purposes, and create disgust. If a speaker proves truly eloquent, he is sure of the most liberal and solid approbation. But he should not hazard too much; he should be guarded in the commencement of his discourse, and should restrain his gesture in the calm and reasoning passages, reserving its force and brilliancy for the appropriate expression of his most earnest feelings and boldest thoughts. His transitions from the narrative parts to those which are most highly wrought, and which require his utmost exertions, should be gradual and just, and free from extravagance.

CHAPTER VI.

THE QUALITIES OF GESTURE, AND THE GESTURE SUITED TO DIFFERENT MODES OF PUBLIC SPEAKING.

THE different qualities which constitute the perfection of gesture, and their opposite imperfections, are as follows:—

1. Magnificence.
2. Boldness.
3. Energy.
4. Variety.
5. Simplicity.
6. Grace.
7. Propriety.
8. Precision.

1. *Magnificence of gesture.*—This is effected by detaching the elbow completely from the body, and unfolding the whole oratorical weapon. In magnificent gesture, the action is flowing and unconstrained; the preparations are made in graceful curves; the transitions are easy, and the accompaniments, in all respects, illustrative of the principal action. The motions of the head are free, and the inflections of the body manly and dignified. The action of the lower limbs is decisive, and a considerable space is traversed with firmness and with force.

The opposite imperfections are short and constrained gestures, rigidity of the joints, and stiffness of the body, with short steps, and doubtful or timid movements.

2. *Boldness of gesture.*—This arises from that elevated courage and self-confidence which ventures to hazard any action, however unusual, which is productive of a grand or striking effect. In this sort of gesture, unexpected positions, elevations and transitions, surprise at once by their novelty and grace, and thus illustrate or enforce the ideas of the speaker with irresistible effect.

The opposite imperfection is tameness.

3. *Energy of gesture.*—This consists in the firmness and decision of the whole action; and in the precision of the stroke of the gesture, which aids the emphasis of the voice.

The opposite imperfections are feebleness and indecision.

4. *Variety of gesture.*—This consists in the application

of different, but appropriate gestures, to the same, or analogous sentiments, so as to avoid recurring too frequently to one favourite gesture, or set of gestures.

The opposite imperfection is monotony of gesture, analogous to that of the voice.

5. *Simplicity of gesture.*—This is such a character of gesture as appears the natural result of the situation and sentiments, which is neither carried beyond the just extent of the feeling, through affectation of varietv, nor falls short of it through want of confidence.

The opposite imperfection is affectation.

6. *Grace of gesture.*—This is the result of all other perfections, arising from a dignified self-possession of mind, and the power of personal exertion, practised into facility after the best models, and according to true taste. To the more particular investigation of this quality a chapter is devoted.

The opposite imperfection is awkwardness.

7. *Propriety of gesture, called also truth of gesture,* or *natural gesture.*—This consists in the judicious use of gestures best suited to illustrate or to express the sentiment. Propriety of gesture is generally founded on some natural connection between the sentiment and the action. *Significant* gestures are strictly connected with the sentiment.

The opposite imperfections are false, contradictory, or unsuitable gestures.

8. *Precision,* or *correctness of gesture.*—This arises from the just preparation, the due force, and the correct timing of the action: when the preparation is neither too much abridged, nor too pompously displayed; when the stroke of the gesture is made with such a degree of force as suits the character of the sentiment; and when it is correctly marked on the precise syllable to be enforced. Precision of gesture gives the same effect to action, as neatness of articulation gives to speech.

The opposite imperfections are the indecision, uncertainty, and incorrectness arising from vague and sawing gestures, which, far from illustrating, render doubtful the

sense of the sentiments which they accompany, and distract the spectator.

There are three general modes of public speaking, each of which requires a different style of gesture; namely—

1. The Epic. 2. The Rhetorical.
3. The Colloquial.

1. *Epic gesture* demands every natural and acquired power on the part of the speaker: to it belong magnificence, boldness, energy, variety, simplicity, grace, propriety, and precision. The compositions which require epic gesture, in delivery, are tragedy, epic poetry, lyric odes, and sublime description.

2. *Rhetorical gesture* requires principally energy, variety, simplicity, and precision. Grace is desirable, magnificence is rarely wanting, but may sometimes have place. Propriety, in a limited sense, should be observed. Boldness is inadmissible; because the orator is not, like the player, subjected to any unexpected circumstances. He is not, therefore, at liberty to express surprise, or any other passion, by bold gestures or attitudes.

3. *Colloquial gesture*, when concerned in the higher scenes of polite life, requires, principally, simplicity and grace; precision will follow of course; it may occasionally demand something of energy and variety, magnificence and boldness are inadmissible.

The gesture of the public speaker must vary considerably with the different circumstances of his situation, of his sentiments, and of his audience. If the mere information or instruction of his audience be his sole object, as when the evidences of religion and the grounds of Christian duties are to be explained from the pulpit, or when the details of calculation and finance are to be laid before Congress, or when facts are weighed and laws are argued in the courts of justice, his gestures should be of that class which is called *discriminating* gestures. These he should exercise with simplicity and precision. He should strip them of all the parade of preparation, and of the graces of transition, and give them only that degree of variety which shall guard them against disgust-

METHOD OF TEACHING DECLAMATION.

SPEECH OF SATAN TO HIS LEGIONS.

Princes,

potentates,

warriors, |

the flower of heaven, |
once yours,

now lost, |

if such astonishment
as this |

can seize

eternal spirits: |

or have ye chosen this place, after the toil of battle, |

to repose your weary virtue, for the ease you find to slumber here, |

as in the vales of heaven?

Or in this abject posture |

have you sworn to adore
the Conqueror ? |

who now beholds cherub
and seraph |

rolling in the flood, |

with

scattered arms and ensigns, | till anon, his swift pursuers, |

from heaven gates, |

discern the advantage, and descending, |

tread us down, thus drooping, |

or, with linked thunderbolts, |

transfix us to the bottom of this gulf. !

Awake, |

arise, |

or be for ever

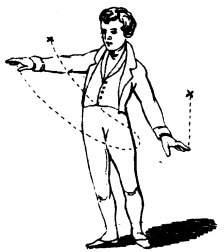
fallen. |

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

The wind was high— |

the window shakes ; |

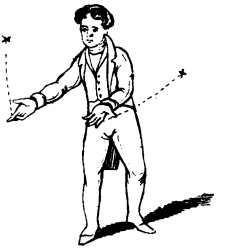
with sudden start the miser wakes ! |



Along the silent room he stalks ; |

Looks back, |—

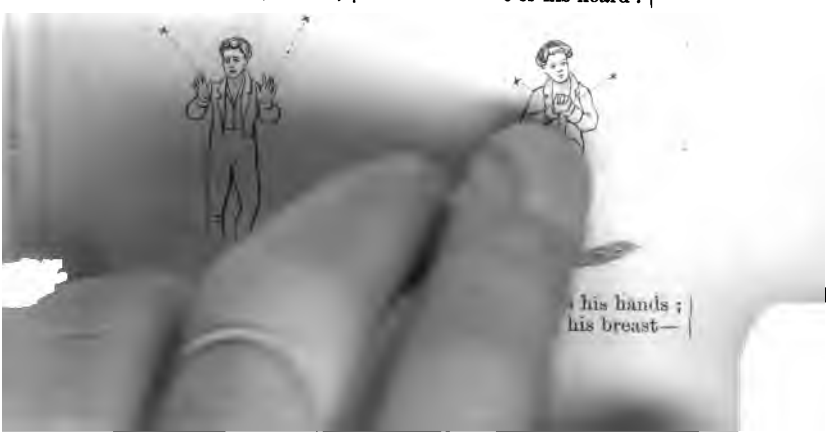
Each lock, | and every
bolt he tries, |



In every creek,
and corner, pries ; |

Then opes his chest, |
with treasure stor'd, |

And stands in rapture
o'er his hoard : |



his hands ; |
his breast— |

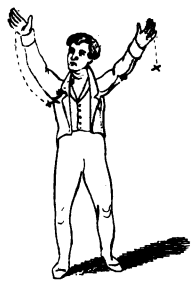
By conscience stung, | he wildly stares ; |

And thus his guilty soul declares : |

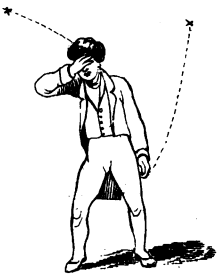
Had the deep earth | her stores confin'd, |

This heart had known sweet peace of mind ; |

But virtue's sold ! |

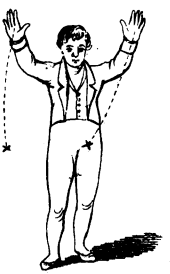


Good gods ! | what price |

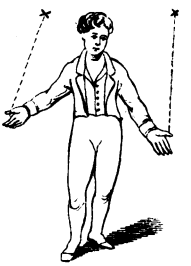


Can recompense the
pangs of vice ? |

O bane of good ! |
seducing cheat ! |

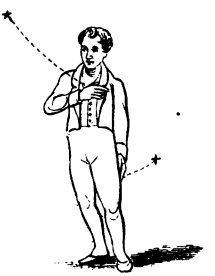


Can man, | weak man, |

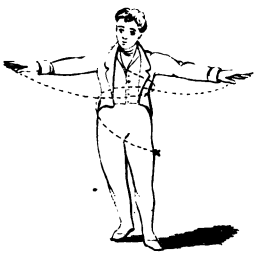


thy power defeat ? |

Gold banished honor
from the mind,

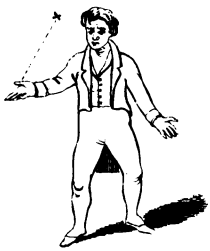


And only left the
name behind ; |



Gold sow'd the
world with ev'ry ill ; |

Gold taught the
murd'rer's sword to kill : |



Twas gold instructed
coward hearts |

In treach'ry's more
pernicious arts. |

Who can recount
the mischiefs o'er ? |

Virtue resides on
earth no more ! |

ing sameness. This is far removed from theatrical gesture; it rather approaches the colloquial style. Nothing could be more incongruous than for a public speaker, in either of the foregoing situations, to introduce the parade and magnificence of theatrical gesture. The charge which is sometimes made against public speakers, of being theatrical in their gesture, probably arises more from some unsuitableness in their manner to the matter, than from anything of uncommon majesty, boldness, or grace in their action.

When the public speaker aims at persuasion, as in discourses from the pulpit for public charities, or on extraordinary occasions in Congress, or at the bar, when the advocate desires to influence the opinions of a jury, he will naturally use more graceful, more flowing, and more varied gesture. But he should not fall into the action of the theatre. He may be graceful, but he should be simple; he may be energetic, but he should not affect gestures too strongly significant, much less attempt surprise by attitudes. All his gestures should be regulated by manly decorum, suitable to his situation, to the character of his hearers, and to the just expression of his sentiments.

CHAPTER VII.

SIGNIFICANT GESTURES.

THE most important of the significant gestures are the following:—

THE HEAD AND FACE.

The hanging down of the head denotes shame, or grief.

The holding of it up, pride or courage.

To nod forwards implies assent.

To toss the head back, dissent.

The inclination of the head implies diffidence or languor.

The head is averted, in dislike or horror.

It leans forward, in attention.

THE EYES.

The eyes are raised, in prayer.
They weep, in sorrow.
They burn, in anger.
They are downcast or averted, in shame or grief.
They are cast on vacancy, in thought.
They are cast in various directions, in doubt and anxiety.

THE ARMS.

The placing of the hand on the head, indicates pain or distress.
On the eyes, shame or sorrow.
On the lips, an injunction of silence.
On the breast, an appeal to conscience.
The hand is waved, or flourished, in joy or contempt.
Both hands are held supine, or they are applied, or clasped, in prayer.
Both are held prone, in blessing.
They are clasped, or wrung, in affliction.
They are held forward, and received, in friendship.

THE BODY.

The body, held erect, indicates steadiness and courage.
Thrown back, pride.
Stooping forward, condescension or compassion.
Bending, reverence or respect.
Prostration, the utmost humility or abasement.

THE LOWER LIMBS.

The firm position of the lower limbs signifies courage, or obstinacy.
Bended knees indicate timidity, or weakness.
The lower limbs advance, in desire or courage.
They retire, in aversion or fear.
Start, in terror.
Stamp, in authority or anger.
Kneel, in submission and prayer.
These are a few of the simple gestures which may be considered significant.

CHAPTER VIII.

SYNOPTICAL ARRANGEMENT OF THE NOTATION LETTERS.

Letters written above the Line, relating to the Fingers, the Hands, and the Arms.

First Small Letter,

Noting the disposition of the Fingers.

n, natural.
c, clinched.
x, extended.
i, index.
l, collected.
h, holding.
w, hollow.
m, thumb.
g, grasping.

Noting the manner of presenting the Palm.

p, prone.
s, supine.
n, inwards.
o, outwards,
v, vertical.
f, forwards.
b, backwards.

Second Small Letter, and two Capitals,

Noting the elevation of the Arms

d, downwards.
h, horizontal.
e, elevated.
Z, zenith.
R, rest.

Third Small Letter,

Noting the Posture of the Arms in the Transverse Direction.

c, across.
f, forwards.
q, oblique.
x, extended.
b, backwards.

Fourth and Fifth Small Letter,

Noting the Force of Motion of the Hands and Arms.

x, extreme. *c*, contracted. *m*, moderate.

Noting the Direction of Motion.

a, ascending,
d, descending,
f, forwards.
b, backwards.
v, revolving.
r, right.
l, left.
i, inwards.
o, outwards.

Noting the Manner of Motion.

n, noting.
p, projecting, or pushing.
w, waving.
fl, flourish.
sw, sweep.
bk, beckoning.
rp, repressing.
ad, advancing.
sp, springing.
st, striking.
pr, pressing.
rt, retracting
rj, rejecting.
bn, bending.
rc, recoiling.
sh, shaking.
th, throwing.
cl, clinching.
ll, collecting

CAPITALS.

Noting the Posture of the Head, and Direction of the Eyes

I, inclined.
E, erect.
As, assenting.
Dn, denying.
Sh, shaking.
Ts, tossing.
S, aside.
F, forwards.
A, averted.
D, downwards.
U, upwards.
R, around.
V, vacancy.

Letters written below the Line, relating to the Feet.

CAPITAL LETTERS AND NUMERALS,

Noting the Positions of the Feet.

*R*1, right foot, 1st position.
*R*2, right foot, 2nd position.
*L*1, left foot, 1st position.
*L*2, left foot, 2nd position.
RF, right front position.
LF, left front position.
K, kneeling.
S, aside.

SMALL LETTERS AND ONE CAPITAL,

Noting the degree of Extension of the Feet.

x, extended
mx, moderately extended.
xx, extended extreme.
C, contracted.

Letters noting Steps.

a, advance.
r, retire.
tr, traverse.
c, cross.
s, start.
sp, stamp.
sk, shock

Letters relating to Parts on which the Hand may be placed.

E, eyes.
N, nose.
L, lips.
F, forehead.
C, chin.
br, breast.

The Manner of combining the Fingers of both Hands is noted by two Small Letters.

ap, applied.
lp, clasped.
cr, crossed.
ld, folded.
in, inclosed.
wr, wringing.
tc, touching.
nu, enumerating.

The Combinations of both Arms.

en, encumbered.
pd, reposed.
km, kimbo, (either one or both).

A capital B, preceding, and joined to a set of small letters, signifies that both Hands, or both Arms, perform the same Gesture.

B, both hands, or both arms.

Significant Gestures and Expressions of Countenance, may be noted in the margin, after the manner of Mr. Sheridan.

Ap, appealing.
At, attention.
Vn, veneration.
Ls, listening.
Lm, lamentation.
Dp, deprecation.
Pr, pride.
Sh, shame.
Av, aversion.
Cm, commanding.
Ad, admiration.
Hr, horror.
Gr, grief.
Fr, fear.
En, encouraging; and many others at pleasure.

CHAPTER IX.

APPLICATION OF THE NOTATION LETTERS.

THE most complicated gestures are those which relate to the combined postures and motions of the hands and arms; yet these are expressed with sufficient accuracy by four, or fewer, notation letters for each movement. For this purpose they are divided into four classes; the notation letters of each always preserve their own place as to priority or succession, and derive their signification from

it. The first four, or the first three letters, taken together, are called a set of letters. In a set, as *phf d*, or *seq n*,

The first letter relates to the posture of the hand.

The second, to the elevation of the arm.

The third, to the transverse situation of the arm

The fourth, to the motion or force of the gesture.*

Thus, *phf d* is to be read, *prone horizontal forward descending*. *Prone*, is the posture of the hand; *horizontal*, is the elevation of the arm; *forward* is the posture of the arm in the transverse direction; and *descending* means that the arm descends from a higher elevation. The set, *seq n*, is read *supine elevated oblique noting*. *Supine*, the posture of the hand; *elevated*, the arm, as to elevation; *oblique*, the arm in the transverse direction; *noting*, the action of the hand and arm.

As both hands and both arms are equally capable of executing any gesture, the letters, and sets of letters, relate to both indifferently. But they are thus distinguished: when there are two sets of small letters, the first set denotes the gesture of the right hand and arm; the second, those of the left. The two sets are separated by a short dash, thus: *phq — pdb*, *prone horizontal oblique*, the right hand; and *prone downwards backwards*, the left.

When only a single set of three, four, or five small letters is marked, the gesture of one hand only is expressed; that of the other is presumed to be easily supplied, according to the rules of accompaniment. A short dash always accompanies a single set of small letters — when the dash *follows* the letters, they denote the gesture of the right hand; when the dash *precedes* the letters, they denote the gesture of the left hand.

When a set of small letters is preceded by a capital B, the gesture which they represent is to be performed by both hands.

When a long dash follows the small letters, connecting them with other small letters, or with a single one, farther on, a change of gesture is marked, which is to take place on the word over which such letter or letters are placed;

* This last letter is often omitted.

and the commencement and termination of the dash mark the commencement and termination of the gesture.

When a set of small letters, having a dash, is connected by a line of dots with another set of small letters, having a contrary dash, the gesture made by the first hand is to be followed and supported by another gesture made by the other hand, which is to take place where the second set of letters is marked. This is called alternate gesture, and noted *al.*

In order to prevent confusion, the postures of the head, and the direction of the eyes, are indicated by capital letters near the beginning of the sentence, or at some distance from the letters relating to the hands and arms.

The letters which mark the positions of the feet, and the steps, are placed *below* the line, and under the word where they should take place.

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

(*Gay*).

R *Bvhf r*—— ——*l* *peq n—pdq*
1.2. The wind was high— | the window shakes; |
aR2

veq c—vhx c
3. With sudden start the miser wakes! |
sR1x

F *pdc ad*————*phq—*
4. Along the silent room he stalks; |
aR2

B *vhx—vhq c* *Bvhf tr*
5.6. Looks back, | and trembles as he walks! |
sR1x

vhq—.....*—vhx*
7. Each lock, and ev'ry bolt he tries, |
aL2

shq c—.....*—shc i*
8. In ev'ry creek, and corner, pries; |
aR2

Bpdq—————*n*
9. Then opes his chest with treasure stor'd, |

D Bseq
10. And stands in rapture o'er his hoard: |
R2

Bvhf e
11. But now with sudden qualms, possest, |
rR1

ld hf———a———ld br
12. He wrings his hands; he beats his breast— |

g br—.....—veq
13. By conscience stung he wildly stares; |

Bshf sh
14. And thus his guilty soul declares:—

Bsdf d———n
15. Had the deep earth her stores confined, |
aR2

br—R
16. This heart had known sweet peace of mind;—
R1

vhf—vhx U Bsef sp———a
17.18. But virtue's sold! | Good gods! what price |
aR2

F—R
19. Can recompense the pangs of vice? |

D Bsdf d———n
20. O bane of good! seducing cheat! |
rR1

Bvhf———vef shf st—sdq
21.22. Can man, weak man, | thy power defeat? |

seb sw—sdq
23. Gold banished honour from the mind, |
rL1

br—R
24. And only left the name behind; |

Bphc———x
25. Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill; |

ceb sh—cdq
26. Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill: |
L1x

hf sh—sdq
27. 'Twas gold instructed coward hearts |
aR2x

Bvhf rj
28. In treach'ry's more pernicious arts. |
rR1

seq—sdq
29. Who can recount the mischiefs o'er? |
R2

Bpdf d
30. Virtue resides on earth no more! |

* * * * * *

Remarks on the Notation of the Miser and Plutus.

For the convenience of reference, the piece is divided into sections by vertical bars, and the number of each section is printed in the margin.

(1.) The direction of motion, expressed by the 4th small letter, *r*, means that from the position in which both hands are presented, *vhf*, they should move towards the right, and stop at the position, *oblique*, as noted by *q*, connected by a dash to the position mentioned.

(2.) The 4th small letter *n*, signifies noting.

(12.) The posture of the hands is, at first, *folded horizontal forwards*, as expressed in the notation, *ld hf*. At the *a*, connected by a dash, which signifies *ascending*, the hands are raised up, and at the next notation, *ld br*, they are forcibly withdrawn back on the breast.

(21.) This posture begins *horizontal*, as first noted, *Bvhf*, and ends *elevated*, *B vef;* but the *B* is omitted over the word *weak*, being understood by the connecting dash.

(25.) The 3rd small letter, relating to the transverse direction of the arm, is often placed alone, but connected by a dash with a preceding set of letters, as already observed. (1.) In such case it is to be understood that the posture of the hands remains as before, and that the transverse direction of the arm only is changed. Here each arm passes through the whole semicircle, from the position *across* to *extended*.

The *fourth* and the *fifth small letter*, which relates to the *direction* and *manner of motion*, are also often separated in this manner from the position to which they belong, in order that the place of the motion, or action, may be the more distinctly marked. (See 9, 15, and 20, in which *n* is thus separated, to point out the particular syllable on which the action of *noting* falls).

The action of the hands and arms, at Nos. 15 and 20, is the same, but the general effect is different, in consequence of the difference in the positions of the feet. In the preparation for these gestures, the palms of both hands are raised so as almost to touch the forehead; then they descend gradually, and when the arms are a little below the *horizontal elevation*, the wrists make that particular motion called *noting*, on the respective words, *stores* and *cheat*.

(26.) *Left foot first position extended.* To make this position *extended*, the left foot is advanced, the body at the same time is thrown back, and sinks a little, bending the right knee.

(28.) This gesture, *Bvhf rj, both vertical horizontal forwards rejecting*, is thus made: both hands are drawn backwards, nearly to the mouth, in the vertical position; the eyes at this time, are directed forwards, the hands are then pushed forwards, while the face is averted, and the feet retire, to a greater or less extent, in proportion to the degree of disgust or abhorrence to be expressed.

GENERAL REMARKS.

In order to render every circumstance perfectly intelligible, I have marked with the notation letters the gestures in the preceding example more minutely than is necessary for general use. For general use, it is sufficient to note the most important circumstances, leaving the filling up to the judgment of the speaker.

In the recitation of descriptions of any kind, the speaker must, in imagination, have the picture before his eyes, and each object must be disposed in the same order as if actually painted. If this imaginary picture be faulty in the composition, confused, or ill-grouped, the gesture will perplex, rather than enlighten; but, if well conceived, and well disposed in its parts, the speaker will seem to give it the interest of life by his skilful gesture and recitation; and the auditor will almost imagine that he actually contemplates all that the speaker describes.

Impassioned compositions, delivered with proper feeling and expression, open, in like manner, to the view of the hearer, the internal operations of the speaker's mind—a contemplation still more interesting than any scenes of external nature which can be presented in description.

As in writing, even an appropriate term must not be used too frequently, so in this art the same gesture, however expressive, must not be too often repeated. Variety is graceful, and requires that similar gestures, as well as similar words, should be separated by those which are diverse.

In oratorical action, it is a general rule that each new idea requires a new gesture. But important ideas, only, require distinguished gesture. For these last, therefore, should be reserved the species of gestures named *emphatic;* for the former (which are the most numerous), the *discriminating* will be sufficient. As to frequency, the propriety of gesture will be found to depend on the deliberation and expression of the speaker. If the feelings are not alive, and if the lines are not pronounced with due deliberation, the gestures will appear to be too numerous. In the preceding examples they may seem to have this fault, from the circumstance that it is my object to exhibit at large the greater part of their minute connections and transitions. A little attention, however, will show that much still has been left to be supplied by the judgment of the reader.

The notation and the analytical observations on the foregoing piece will, it is conceived, afford sufficient information to such as may desire to assist their rhetorical studies by this system. I would not recommend that the young speaker, in using this notation, should mark every possible passage in his discourse, in the manner of these examples; for such minuteness would lead to embarrassment, unless preceded by much labour. The utmost advisable notation should not exceed a few marks on particular passages, and those separated from each other, the filling up of which should be trusted to the feelings of the moment. But the best method, in all respects, for acquiring a finished rhetorical delivery, is the private practice of declamation, which is supported on the authority of the great masters and models of oratory, Demosthenes and Cicero. The aspiring rhetorical student should select one or more celebrated orations, couched in the style that he wishes to adopt; these he should carefully subject to all the rules of notation; he should study them, and commit them to memory; he will exercise on them all the powers of his voice, his countenance and gesture; and, like Demosthenes, consult his mirror, and obtain the opinion of a judicious friend on his performances. The knowledge and facility which, by repeated exercises of this kind, he will acquire in rhetorical delivery, may be transferred, with advantage, to his own compositions which are to be delivered in public; and without hazarding the inconveniences of particular notation, he will find himself possessed of such a store of various, forcible, and expressive action, that, whatever his feelings shall suggest at the moment, he will be able to execute in a satisfactory manner.

EXPLANATION

OF THE CHARACTERS USED IN THE EXERCISES IN READING AND DECLAMATION.

(|) A vertical bar, employed to divide each paragraph into sections of a convenient length for concert reading. [See the PREFACE.]

(ı) A separation mark. It signifies that the words between which it is placed should not coalesce.

(ıı) A rest. Where this character is employed there should be a slight suspension of the voice.

(-) A hold. The vowels over which this character is placed, should have an unusual prolongation.

(ˏ ˊ ˎ ˋ) Acute and grave accents. They are employed to represent the rising and falling inflections, and also the emphasis in melodies. [See page 77, etc.].

(ˆ) Acuto-grave accent, or acuto-grave circumflex. [See p. 101.]

(ˇ) Gravo-acute accent, or gravo-acute circumflex. [See pp. 87, 98.]

(*ir*) Irony. The passage to which these letters are prefixed is ironical.

(*rp*) Reproach. When these letters are prefixed to a passage it contains the language of reproach.

(*wh*) Whisper. The passage to which these letters are prefixed should be whispered.

(1, 2, 3, 4) These numbers represent the degrees of modulation.

The italic letters represent sounds which are liable to be omitted, or imperfectly articulated. When *all* the letters in a word are italic, the word is emphatic. The emphatic words, however, are seldom, in this work, marked by italic letters.

In designating the pronunciation of words, in the foot-notes, I have used the letters which, on pages 11-13, represent the elements of the English language. No *superfluous* letters are employed, as is done by lexicographers. The pronunciation of each word is determined by the letters which represent the sounds of which it is composed, and by the situation of the accent.

PART III.

EXERCISES IN READING AND DECLAMATION,

FOR JUNIOR STUDENTS.

SPEECH OF SATAN TO HIS LEGIONS.

(JOHN MILTON.)

Narrative.

He scarce had ceas'*d*, | when the superior fiend |
Was moving tow'rd the shore; | his pond'rous shield, |
Ethereal temper, mas'sy, large', and round', |
Behind *h*im cast; | the broad circumference[a] |
Hung on *h*is shoulders like the moon | whose orb
Through optic glass | the Tuscan artist[b] views
At evening | from the top of Fes'o-le, |
Or in Valdar'no,[c] | to descry new lands', |
Riv'ers, or mount'ains,[d] | in *h*er spotty globe. |
His spear' | (to equal which | the tallest pine, |
Hewn on Norwegian hills, | to be the mast
Of some great amiral,[e] | were but a wand') |
He walk'd with, | to support uneasy steps |
Over the burning marl, | (not like those steps
On heaven's a'zure![f]) | and the torrid clime |
Smote on *h*im sore besides, | vaulted with fire: |
Nathless[g] he so endur'd, | till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, | and call'd
*H*is legions, | angel-forms | who lay entranc'd |

---

[a] Sĕr-kŭm'fĕ-rĕns. [b] Galileo. He was born at Florence, the capital of Tuscany, in Italy. [c] Valdarno, *Vălle' di Arno* (Italian), the vale of the Arno, a delightful valley in Tuscany. [d] Moun'tĭnz. [e] Am'i-ral (French), admiral. [f] A'zŭr. [g] Năth'lĕs.

Thick as autumnal[a] leaves | that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa[b] | where the Etrurian shades, |
High over-arch'd, imbow'r ; | or scatter'd sedge,
Afloat, | when with fierce winds, | Orion,[c] arm'd, |
Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coast | whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris,[d] | and his Memphian[e] chiv'alry,[f] |
While with perfidious[g] hatred | they pursu'd
The sojourners[h] of Go'shen, | who beheld
From the safe shore, | their floating carcasses, |
And broken chariot wheels ; | so thick bestrown, |
Abject, and lost, | lay these, | covering the flood, |
Under amazement[i] of their hideous[j] change. |
He call'd so loud, | that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded / |

Speech.

/ Princes, | po'tentates, |
Warriors,[k] | the flow'r of heav'n, | once yours ; | now lost, |
If such astonishment[l] as this | can seize |
Eternal[m] spirits : | or have ye chosen this place, |
After the toil of battle, | to repose
Your wearied virtue, | for the ease you find
To slumber here, | as in the vales of heav'n ? |
\ Or, in this abject posture, | have ye sworn
To adore the Conq'ror ? | who now beholds[n]
Cherub, and seraph, | rolling in the flood |
With scatter'd arms, and ensigns ; | till anon |
His swift pursuers, | from heav'n-gates | discern[o]
The advantage, | and descending, | tread us down, |
Thus drooping ; | or, with linked thunderbolts, |
Transfix us | to the bottom of this gulf. |
/ Awake ! | arise ! | or be for ever fallen ! |

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[a] A-tăm'năl. [b] Vallombrosa (*vălle*, a vale ; ombróso, shady), a shady valley in the Apennines, fifteen miles east of Florence. [c] Orī'on, a constellation, in the southern hemisphere. [d] Busi'rĭs, Pharaoh. [e] Memphian, from Memphis, ancient capital of Egypt. [f] Shĭv'al-rē. [g] Pĕr-fĭd'ĭŭs. [h] Sŏ'dzhurn-ûrz. [i] A-māz'mĕnt. [j] Hĭd'ē-ŭs. [k] Wâr'yûrz. [l] As-tŏn'ĭsh-mĕnt. [m] E-tĕr'năl. [n] Bē-hōldz, not burholds. [o] Dĭz-zûrn'.

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O thou that rollest above, | round as the shield of my fathers! | Whence are thy beams, O sun, | thy everlasting light? | Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; | the stars hide themselves in the sky; | the moon, cold, and pale, | sinks in the western wave. | But thou thyself movest alone: | who can be a companion of thy course? |

The oaks of the mountains[a] fall; | the mountains themselves, | decay with years; | the ocean shrinks, and grows again; | the moon herself,[b] is lost in heaven; | but thou art for ever the same, | rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. |

[1] When the world is dark with tempests, | [2] when thunder rolls, and lightning flies, | [3] thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, | [4] and laugh'est at the storm. | [2] But, to Ossian, thou lookest in vain; | for he beholds thy beams[c] no more,[d] | whether thy yellow hairs | flow on the eastern clouds, | or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. |

But thou art perhaps like me'— | for a season: | thy years will have an end. | Thou shalt sleep in the clouds, | careless of the voice of the morning. | [4] Exult, then, O sun, | in the strength of thy youth! | [1] Age | is dark, and unlovely: | [2] it is like the glimmering light of the moon, | when it shines through broken clouds; | and the mist is on the hills, | the blast of the north is on the plain, | the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey. |

TELL'S ADDRESS TO HIS NATIVE MOUNTAINS.

(JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.)

Ye crags, and peaks,[e] | I'm with you once again;[f] | I hold to you the hands you first beheld, |

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[a] Moun'tinz. [b] Moon herself, not moo'-ner-self. [c] He, beholds thy beams; not He'be holds thy beams. [d] Ossian was blind. [e] Crags and peaks; not cragz'n peaks, nor crags Ann Peaks. [f] Agĕn'.

To show they still are[a] free. | [1]Methinks I[b] hear
A spirit in your echoes, answer me, |
[2]And bid your tenant welcome to his home,
Again! [c] | O sacred forms, | how proud, you look[d]! |
How high you lift your heads into the sky! |
How huge, you[e] are! | how mighty, | and how free, ! |
Ye are the things that tow'r—| that shine—| whose smile
Makes glad'— | whose frown is terrible— | whose forms
Robed, or unrobed, | do all the impress wear |
Of awe divine. | Ye guards of liberty, |
I'm with you once again! [c]— | [m]I call to you |
With all my voice'!— | I hold my hands to you |
To show they still are free— | I rush to you |
As though I could embrace you![f] |

BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

(THOMAS CAMPBELL.)

On Linden,[g] when the sun was low, |
All bloodless lay the untrodd'n snow, |
And dark as winter, was the flow' |
Of Iser[h] rolling rapidly. |

But Linden[g] saw another sight, |
When the drum beat at dead of night, |
Commanding fires of death, to light |
The darkness of her scenery. |

By torch, and trumpet fast array'd, |
Each horseman[i] drew his battle blade; |
And furious every charger neigh'd, |
To join the dreadful revelry. |

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[a] Still; are; not stillar. [b] Methinks, I; not me-think'si. [c] Agĕn. [d] Proud, you look; not prow'jew-look. [e] Huge, you are; not hew'jew-are. [f] Embrace you; not embra'shew. [g] Lĭn'dĕn; not Lindun. [h] E'sûr. [i] Hôrs'mân; not hosmun.

Then shook the hills with thun\der riv'n; |
Then rush'd the steed to bat\tle driv'n; |
And louder than the bolts of heav"n, |
Far flash'd the red artil\lery[a]. |

And redder yet' those fires shall glow/ |
On Linden's[b] hills of blood-stain'd snow\; |
And dàrker yet, shall be the flow/ |
Of Iser[c] rolling rap\idly. |

'Tis morn\,— | but scarce yon level sun/ | |
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun\, |
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun' |
Shout in their sulph'rous can\opy. |

The combat deep'ns— | //On', ye brave\, |
Who rush to glory, or the grave\! |
//Wave, Munich,[d] | all thy banners, wave'! |
And charge with all thy chiv\alry[e]! |

"Few, few shall part where many meet\! |
The snow shall be their wind\ing-sheet, |
And every turf beneath[f] their feet/, |
Shall be,, a soldier's sep\ulchre. |

CHILDE HAROLD'S ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

(LORD BYRON.)

O that the desert were my dwell'ing-place, |
With one fair spirit for my min\ister, |
That I might all forget the human race/, |
And, hating no one, | love but only her\! |
Ye elements!— | in whose ennobling stir |
I feel myself exal'ted— | can ye not |
Accord\ me such a being? | Do I err |
In deeming such inhabit many a spot? |
Though with them to converse, | can rarely be our lot\. !

---

[a] Artil'lâr-rè. [b] Lin'dên; not Lindun. [c] E'sûr. [d] Mû'nik. [e] Shiv'al-rè. [f] Bè-nèTH'.

There is a pleasure\ in the pathless woods,\ |
There is a rap'ture on the lonely shore\, |
There is society, where none intrudes |
By the deep sea\, | and music in its roar,\. |
I love not man the less, | but nature more\, |
From these, our interviews, | in which I steal |
From all I may be, | or have been before\, |
To mingle with the u'niverse, | and feel |
What I can ne'er express\, | yet cannot all conceal,\. |

Roll on',[a] | thou deep, and dark-blue ocean— | roll\ ! |
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain\ ; |
Man marks the earth' with ruin— | his control |
Stops with the shore\ ;— | upon the watery plain |
The wrecks are all thy' deed, | nor doth remain |
A shad\ow of man's ravage, | save his own\, |
When, for a moment, | like a drop of rain', |
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan\, |
Without a grave\, | unknell'd\, | uncof'fin'd, | and unknown,\. |

His steps are not upon thy paths\,— | thy fields |
Are not a spoil for him\,— | thou dost[b] arise, |
And shake him from' thee; | the vile strength he wields |
For earth's destruction, | thou dost all despise\, |
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies', |
And send'st him, | [1]shivering in thy playful spray, |
And howling to his gods\, | [2]where haply lies |
His petty hope\, | in some near port, or bay\,[c] |
Then dashest him again[d] to earth':— | there let him lay,\. |

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cit'ies, | bidding nations quake, |
And monarchs[e] tremble in their cap\itals, |
The oak levi\athans | whose huge ribs make |

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[a] Roll on'; not roll-on'. [b] Dŭst. [c] Port, or bay; not Porter Bay. [d] Agĕn'. [e] Mŏn'nărks; not mon'nucks.

Their clay-creator the vain title take |
Of lord of thee', | and arbiter of war; |
These are thy toys, | and, as the snowy flake', |
They melt into thy yest[a] of waves, | which mar, |
Alike, the Armada's pride, | or spoils of Trafalgar.[b] |

Thy shores are em'pires, | chang'd in all save thee— |
Assyria, | Greece, | Rome', | Carthage, | what are they? |
Thy waters wasted them while they were free', |
And many a tyrant since; | their shores obey |
The stranger, slave', or savage; | their decay |
Has dri'd up realms to deserts:— | not so thou', |
Unchangeable, | save to thy wild waves' play— |
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow— |
Such as creation's dawn' beheld, | thou rollest now. |

Thou glorious mir'ror, | [1]where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; | [2]in all' time, |
Calm, or convuls'd— | in breeze', or gale', or storm, |
Icing the pole', | or in the torrid clime, |
Dark-heaving, | bōundless, | end'less, | and sublīme,— |
The image of etērnity— | [1]the throne |
Of the Invisible; | [2]e'en from out thy slime' |
The monsters of the deep are made; | each zone |
Obeys thee; | thou goest forth, | drēad, | fāth'omless, | alōne. |

[a]And I have lov'd' thee, o'cean! | and my joy |
Of youthful sports, | was on thy breast to be |
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: | from a boy' |
I wanton'd with thy breakers: | they to me, |
Were a delight'; | and, if the fresh'ning sea |
Made them a terror— | 'twas a pleasing fear, |
For I was as it were a child' of thee, |
And trusted to thy billows, far, and near, |
And laid my hand upon thy mane'— | as I do here. |

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[a] Yĕst. [b] Trăf-făl-gar.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(LORD BYRON).

There was a sound of revelry by night; |
And Belgium's capital | had gather'd then |
Her beauty, and her chivalry; | and bright |
The lamps shone o'er fair women, and brave men; |
A thousand hearts beat happily; | and, when |
Music arose, with its voluptuous swell, |
Soft eyes[a] look'd love to eyes which spake again; |
And all went merry as a marriage-bell— |
But hush! | hark! | a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! |

Did ye not hear it?— | No; | 'twas but the wind, |
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street— |
On with the dance! | let joy be unconfin'd; |
No sleep till morn, | when Youth, and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours, with flying feet— |
But hark!— | that heavy sound breaks in once more, |
As if the clouds its echo would repeat; |
And nearer, | clearer, | deadlier than before! |
Arm! | arm! | it is— | it is the cannon's opening roar! |

Within a window'd niche of that high hall, |
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; | he did hear |
That sound the first, amidst the festival, |
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear; |
And, when they smil'd, | because he deem'd it near, |
His heart more truly knew that peal too well, |
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier, |
And rous'd the vengeance, blood alone could quell. |
He rush'd into the field, | and foremost fighting, fell. |

Ah! then, and there was hurrying to, and fro, |
And gathering tears, | and tremblings of distress, |
And cheeks all pale, | which but an hour ago, |
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness. |

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[a] Soft eyes; not sof-ties.

And there were sudden part'ings, | such as press |
The life from out young hearts, | and choking sighs |
Which ne'er might be repeated; | who could guess |
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes, |
Since upon night so sweet | such awful morn could rise? |

And there was mounting in hot haste: | the steed, |
The mustering squadron, | and the clattering car, |
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed, |
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war; |
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar! |
And near | the beat of the alarming drum |
Rous'd up the soldier ere the morning star; |
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb, |
Or whispering, with white lips,— | "The foe! | They come! | they come!" |

[1]And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose! |
[2]The war-note of Lochiel, | which Albyn's hills |
Have heard, | and heard too, have her Saxon foes:— |
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills, |
Savage, and shrill! | But with the breath which fills |
Their mountain-pipe, | so fill the mountaineers, |
With the fierce native daring | which instils |
The stirring memory of a thousand years; |
And Evan's, | Donald's fame, | rings in each clansman's ears! |

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves, |
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, | as they pass, |
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves, |
O'er the unreturning brave,— | alas! |
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass, |
Which now beneath them, | but above shall grow, |
In its next verdure, | when this fiery mass |
Of living valour, | rolling on the foe, |
And burning with high hope, | shall moulder cold, and low. |

Last noon behel*d* them full of lusty life'; |
Last eve, in Beauty's circle proudly gay'; |
The midnigh*t* brough*t* the signal soun*d* of strife'; |
The morn, | the marshalling in arms',— | the day, |
Battle's magnificently-stern array'! |
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, | which when rent, |
The earth is cover'*d* thi*ck* with other clay |
Which *her* own clay shall cover, | heap'*d* and pent,
Rider, and horse,— | friend, | foe',— | in one re*d* burial blen*t*! |

SPEECH ON THE SUBJECT OF EMPLOYING THE INDIANS TO FIGHT AGAINST THE AMERICANS. Nov. 18, 1777.*

(WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM.)

I cannot, my lords, | I will' not | join in congratulation | on misfortune and disgrace. | This, my lords, | is a perilous, and tremendous moment: | it is not a time for adula'tion: | the smoothness of flattery cannot save us | in this rugged and awful crisis. | It is now necessary | to instruct the throne in the language of truth. | We must, if possible, | dispel the delusion, and darkness which envelope it; | and display in its full danger, and genuine col'ours, | the ruin which is brought to our doors. |

Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatua'tion? | Can parliament be so dead to its dignity, and duty, | as to give its support to measures thus obtruded, and forced' upon it? | measures, my lords, | which have reduced this late flourishing empire | to scorn, and contempt. | But yesterday, | and England might have stood against the world'; | now, none so poor as to do *her* reverence! |

* Mr Pitt delivered this speech in opposition to Lord Suffolk, who proposed in Parliament to employ the Indians against the Americans; and who had said, in the course of the debate, *that they had a right to use all the means, that God and Nature had put into their hands, to conquer America.*

The people whom we at first despised as rebels, | but whom we now acknowledge as ĕnemies, | are abetted against us, | supplied with every military store', | their interest consulted, | and their ambassadors entertained | by our inveterate enemy; | and ministers do not, | and dare' not | interpose with dignity, or effect. |

The desperate state of our army abroad, | is, in part, known. | No man more highly esteems, and hon'ours the English troops than I do: | I know their virtues, and their val'our; | I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities; | and I know that the conquest of English America, | is' an impossibility: | you cànnot, my lords, | you cānnŏt, conquer America. |

What is your present situa'tion there? | We do not know the worst; | but we know | that in three campaigns | we have done noth'ing, and suffered much. | You may swell every expense, | accumulate every assis'tance, | and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot, | yet your attempts will be for ever vain and im'potent; | doubly so indeed | from this mercenary aid on which you rely; | for it irritates, to an incurable resent'ment, | the minds of your adversaries, | to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine, and plunder, devoting them, and their possessions, | to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. | If I were an American, | as I am an Englishman, | while a foreign troop was landed in my country, | I never would lay down my arms— | Never! Nev'er! | Never! |

But, my lords, | who is the man | that, in addition to the disgraces, and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize, and associate to our arms | the tomahawk, and scalping-knife of the savage— | to call into civilized alliance, | the wild, and inhuman inhabitant of the woods'— | to delegate to the merciless Indian | the defence of disputed rights, | and to wage the horrors of *his* barbarous war | against our brethren? | My lords, | these enormities | cry aloud for redress, and punishment. |

But, my lords, | this barbarous measure has been defended, | not only on the principles of policy, and neces-

sity, | but also on those of morality; | "for it is perfectly allowable," | says Lord Suffolk, | "to use all the means | that God, and nature have put into our hands." | I am astonished, | I am shocked', | to hear such principles confessed; | to hear them avowed in this house', | or in this country! |

My lords, | I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention; | but I cannot repress my indignation: | I feel myself impelled' to speak. | My lords, | we are called upon as members of this house, | as men', | as Christians, | to protest against such horrible barbarity— | "That God, and nature have put into our hands, !" | What ideas of God, and nature | that noble lord may entertain, | I know not; | but I know | that such detestable principles | are equally abhorrent to religion, and humanity. |

What! | to attribute the sacred sanction of God, and nature, | to the massacres of the Indian scal'ping-knife! | to the cannibal savage, | torturing, | murdering, | and devouring his unhappy vic'tims! | Such notions shock every precept of morality, | every feeling of humanity, | every sentiment of honour. | These abominable principles, | and this more abominable avowal of them, | demand the most decisive indignation. |

I call upon that right reverend, | and this most learned bench, | to vindicate the religion of their God, | to support the justice of their country. | I call upon the bishops | to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn, | upon the judges | to interpose the purity of their ermine, | to save us from this pollution. | I call upon the honour of your lordships | to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, | and to maintain your own. | I call upon the spirit, and humanity of my country, | to vindicate the national character: | I invoke the genius of the British Constitution. |

To send forth the merciless Indian, | thirsting for blood! | against whom? | your Protestant brethren! | To lay waste their country, | to desolate their dwellings, | and extirpate their race, and name, | by the aid, and

instrumentality | of these ungovernable savages. | Spain can no longer boast pre-em'inence in barbarity. | She armed herself with blood-hounds | to extirpate the wretched natives of Mex'ico; | we, more ruthless, | loose these dogs of war | against our countrymen in Amer'ica, | endeared to us | by every tie that can sanctify humanity. |

I solemnly call upon your lordships, | and upon every order of men in the state', | to stamp upon this infamous procedure, | the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. | More particularly, | I call upon the venerable prelates of our religion, | to do away this iniquity; | let them perform a lustra'tion | to purify the country | from this deep and deadly sin. |

MARCO BOZZARIS.*

(FITZGREENE HALLECK.)

At midnight, in his guarded tent, |
The Turk was dreaming of the hour |
When Greece, | her knee in suppliance bent, |
Should tremble at his power: |
In dreams, through camp, and court, he bore |
The trophies of a con'queror; |
In dreams his song of tri'umph heard;[a] |
Then, wore his monarch's[b] sig'net-ring; |
Then, press'd that monarch's throne',— | a king'; |
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing, |
As Eden's garden[c]-bird. |

[1]At midnight, in the forest-shades', |
[2]Bozza'ris rang'd his Suliote band'— |

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* Marco Bozzaris, the Epaminondas of modern Greece. He fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Lispi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were—"To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."

[a] Triumph heard; not tri-um'furd. [b] Mŏn'nărks. [c] Gär'dn.

True as the steel of their tried blades', |
  Heroes in heart, and hand. |
There had the Persian's thou'sands stood; |
There had the glad earth drunk their blood, |
  On old Platæ'a's day— |
And now, there breath'd that haunted air, |
The sons of sires who con'quer'd there, |
With arm to strike, | and soul to dare, |
  As quick, as far' as they. |

[1]An hour pass'd on[a]— | [2]the Turk awoke— |
  That bright dream was his last; |
He woke to hear his sentries shriek— |
  "To arms'! | they come! | the Greek'! the Greek'! |
He woke to die midst flame, and smoke, |
And shout, and groan, and sa'bre-stroke, |
  And death-shots falling thick, and fast, |
As lightnings from the moun'tain-cloud; |
And heard, with voice as trum'pet-loud, |
  Bozzaris cheer his band: |
"Strike till the last arm'd foe expires; |
Strike for your al'tars, and your fires; |
Strike for the green graves of your sires— |
  God, and your native land'!" |

They fought like brave men— | long, and well; |
  They pil'd that ground with Moslem slain; |
They con'quer'd— | but Bozzaris fell, |
  Bleeding at every vein. |
His few surviving comrades[b], saw, |
His smile when rang their proud hurrah, |
  And the red field was won; |
Then saw in death his eyelids close, |
Calmly, as to a night's repose, |
  Like flow'rs at set of sun. |

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[a] Pass'd on; not pass-ton'.
[b] Kŏm'rădz, saw; not com'rades saw.

[1]Come to the bridal[a] cham\ber, Death ! |
Come to the moth'er's | when she feels |
For the first time, | her first\-born's breath— |
Come when the blessed seals |
That close the pes'tilence, are broke, |
And crowded cities wail its stroke,— |
Come in consump\tion's ghastly form, |
The earthquake shock', | the ocean-storm\— |
[2]Come when the heart beats high, and warm, |
With ban\quet-song, | and dance', | and wine\— |
[1]And thou art ter\rible— | the tear', |
The groan', | the knell', | the pall', | the bier\ ; |
And all we know', | or dream', | or fear' |
Of agony, | are thine\. |

[4]But to the hero, | [3]when his sword |
Has won the battle for the free, |
[4]Thy voice sounds like a proph'et's word,
[2]And in its hollow tones, are heard |
[4]The thanks of mill'ions yet to be\. |
[3]Come when his task of fame' is wrought— |
Come with her lau\rel-leaf, | blood\-bought— |
Come in her crown'ing hour— | and then |
[2] Thy sunken eye's unearthly light |
To him is welcome as the sight |
Of sky, and stars to prison'd men\ : |

[3]Thy grasp is welcome as the hand |
Of brother in a foreign land\ ; |
Thy summons, welcome as the cry |
That told the Indian Isles' were nigh |
To the world-seeking Gen\oese, |
When the land-wind, | from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, | and fields of balm, |
Blew o'er the Haytian seas\. |

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[a] Brī'dăl ; not brī'dle.

[4]Bozzaris! | with the stori'*d* brave, |
Greece nurtur'*d* in *h*er glo'ry's time, |
Rest thee— | [2]there is no prouder grave, |
Even in *h*er own prou*d* clime. |
She wore no funeral weeds for thee, |
Nor ba*d*e the dar*k* hearse wave its plume |
Li*k*e torn branch from death's leafless tree, |
In sorrow's pom*p*, and pa'geantry, |
The heartless luxury of the tomb. |

But she remembers thee as one |
Long lov'*d*', | and for a season gone; |
For thee *h*er poet's lyre is wreath'*d*; |
Her marble wrought', | her music breath'*d*; |
For thee she rings the birth'-day bells; |
Of thee *h*er babes' firs*t* lisp'ing tells; |
For thine *h*er evening prayer is said |
At palace-couch, and cottage-bed; |
Her soldier, closing with the foe, |
Gives, for thy sake, a deadlier blow; |
His plighted maiden, when she fears |
For him, the joy of *h*er young years, |
Thinks of thy fa*t*e, | and checks her tears— |
And she, the mother of thy boys, |
Though in *h*er eye, and faded chee*k* |
Is rea*d* the grief she will no*t* spea*k*', |
The mem'ry of *h*er buried joys, |
And even she who gave thee birth, |
Will, by their pilgrim-circle*d* hearth, |
Talk of thy doom without a sigh: |
For thou ar*t* Free'dom's now, | and Fame's; |
One of the few, | the immorta*l* names, |
That were no*t* born to die. |

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

(THOMAS CAMPBELL.)

Wizard and *Lochiel.*

WIZARD.

Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day! |
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array! |
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight, |
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight: |
They rally, | they bleed, | for their kingdom and crown; |
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down! |
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain, |
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain. |
But hark! | through the fast-flashing lightning of war, |
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far? |
'Tis thine, O Glenullin! | whose bride shall await, |
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning— | no rider is there; |
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair. |
Weep, Albin! | to death, and captivity led! |
Oh weep! | but thy tears cannot number the dead: |
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave, |
Culloden that reeks with the blood of the brave. |

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, | thou death-telling seer! |
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear, |
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight, |
This mantle, | to cover the phantoms of fright. |

WIZARD.

Ha! | laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn? |
Proud bird of the mountain, | thy plume shall be torn! |
Say, | rush'd the bold eagle, exultingly forth, |
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north? |
Lo! the death-shot of foemen out-speeding, he rode |
Companionless, | bearing destruction abroad; |

But down let *him* stoop from *his* havoc on high! |
Ah! home! let *him* speed, | for the spoiler is nigh. |
Why flames the far summit? | Why shoot to the blast |
Those embers, | like stars from the firmament, cast? |
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, | all dreadfully driven |
From *his* eyry, | that beacons the darkness of heaven. |
O crested Lochiel! | the peerless in might, |
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height, |
Heaven's fire is around thee to blast and to burn; |
Return to thy dwelling: | all lonely return! |
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood, |
And a wild mother scream o'er *her* famishing brood! |

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! | I have marshall'd my clans: |
Their swords are a thousand; | their bosoms are one: |
They are true to the last of their blood, and their breath, |
And like reapers, descend to the harvest of death. |
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock! |
Let *him* dash *his* proud foam like a wave on the rock! |
But woe to *his* kindred, | and woe to *his* cause, |
When Albin *her* claymore indignantly draws; |
When *her* bonneted chieftains to victory crowd, |
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud; |
All plaided, and plum'd in their tartan array—— |

WIZARD (*interrupting*).

Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day! |
For, dark, and despairing, my sight I may seal, |
Yet man cannot cover what God would reveal: |
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore, |
And coming events cast their shadows before. |
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring |
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king. |
Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath, |
Behold where *he* flies on *his* desolate path! |
Now in darkness, and billows, he sweeps from my sight: |
Rise! Rise! ye wild tempests, and cover *his* flight!—

'Tis fin‸ish'*d*.— | Their thunders are hush'*d* on the moors; |
Culloden[a] is lost‸, | an*d* my country deplores. |
But where is the iron-boun*d* pris‸oner? | Where‸? |
For the re*d* eye of battle is shu*t* in despair. |
Say‸, mounts *he* the ocean-wave, | banish'*d*, forlorn', |
Li*k*e a limb from *h*is country, cas*t* bleeding, an*d* torn‸? '
Ah! no‸; | for a dark‸er departure is near; |
The war-drum is muf‸fle*d*, | an*d* blac*k* is the bier‸; |
His death-bell is toll‸ing; | Oh! mercy, dispel |
Yon sigh*t*, that it freezes my spiri*t* to tell‸! |
Life flutters, convuls'*d* in *h*is quivering limbs, |
An*d* *h*is blood-streaming nostril in ag‸ony swims. |
Accurs'*d* be the fagots tha*t* blaze at *h*is fee*t*, |
Where *h*is hear*t*‸ shall be thrown, ere it ceases to bea*t*, |
With the smo*k*e of its ashes to poison the gale——— |

LOCHIEL.

Down‸, soothless[b] insul‸ter! | I trus*t* not the tale‸; |
For never shall Al‸bin, a destiny mee*t* |
So blac*k* with dishon‸our— | so foul with retrea*t*. |
Tho' *h*is perishing ranks should be strow'*d* in their gore‸ |
Li*k*e o‸cean-weeds, heap'*d* on the surf-beaten shore‸, |
Lochiel, untainte*d* by flight, or by chains‸, |
While the kindling of life in *h*is bosom remains, |
Shall victor exul*t*, | or in death be lai*d* low, |
With *h*is bac*k* to the field, | an*d* *h*is fee*t* to the foe‸! |
An*d*, leaving in battle no blo*t* on *h*is name, |
Loo*k* proudly to heaven | from the death-bed of fame. |

CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

(JOSEPH ADDISON.)

SCENE.—CATO *sitting in a thoughtful posture, with Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul in his hand; and a drawn sword on the table by him.*

It mus*t*‸ be so— | Plato, thou reasones*t* well‸!— |
Else whence this pleasing hope‸, | this fon*d* desire‸, |

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[a] Cŭl-lŏ'dĕn; not Cŭl-lŏ'dn. [b] Sŏ*th*'lĕs.

This longing after immortal‸ity? |
Or whence this secret dread, | and inward horror, |
Of falling into nought‸? | why shrinks the soul |
Back on herself, | and star'tles at destruction? |
'Tis the divin‸ity that stirs within us; |
'Tis heaven itself' | that points out an hereaf‸ter, |
And intimates eter‸nity to man. |

Eternity! | thou pleas'ing, dread‸ful thought! |
Through what variety of untried be‸ing, |
Through what new scenes, and changes must we pass! |
The wide‸, the unbounded prospect lies before me; |
But shad‸ows, clouds', and dark‸ness rest‸ upon it. |
Here will I hold‸. | If there's a power above us, |
And that there is | all nature cries aloud
Through all her works, | he must delight in vir‸tue; |
And that which he delights in, | must be happy. |
But when‸! | or where‸!— | this world was made for
Cæsar. |
I'm weary of conjec‸tures— | this must end‸ them. |
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Thus am I doub‸ly arm'd: | my death‸, and life‸, |
My bane', and an‸tidote | are both before me: |
This in a moment brings me to an end‸; |
But this informs me I shall never die‸. |

The soul, secured in her existence, | smile
At the drawn dagger, | and defies its point. |
The stars shall fade away‸, | the sun himself
Grow dim with age‸, | and nature sink in years, ; |
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth', |
Unhurt amidst the war of el‸ements, |
The wreck of mat'ter, | and the crush of worlds‸. |

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

(WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.)

To be,—or not' to be— | that' is the ques‸tion: |
ether 'tis nobler in the mind | to suffer

The slings, and arrows of outrageous fortune; |
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, |
And, by opposing, end\ them? | To die\—to sleep— |
No more\— | and, by a sleep, | to say we end
The heart-ache, | and the thousand natural shocks |
That flesh is heir to: | 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. |

To die\—to sleep\— |
To sleep'! | perchance to dream\— | ay, there's the rub; |
For, in that sleep of death, | what dreams may come, |
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,[a]
Must give us pause\. | There's the respect[b] |
That makes calamity of so long life\: |
For who would bear the whips, and scorns of time\ |
The oppressor's wrong\, | the proud man's contumely,[c]
The pangs of despised love\, | the law's delay\, |
The insolence of of'fice, | and the spurns\
That patient merit of the unworthy takes, |
When he himself might his quietus make |
With a bare bod\kin? [d] |

Who would far\dels[e] bear, |
To groan, and sweat under a weary life, |
But that the dread of something after death |
([1]That undiscover'd country | from whose bourn[f]
No traveller returns\), [2]puzzles the will\; |
And makes us rather bear those ills we have\, |
Than fly to others that we know not of\! |

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all\; |
And thus the native hue of resolution, |
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought\; |
And enterprises of great pith, and moment, |
With this regard, | their currents turn awry\, |
And lose the name of action. |

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[a] Stir, bustle. [b] Consideration. [c] Kŏn'tū-mē-lē, rudeness. [d] The ancient term for a small dagger. [e] Packs, burdens. [f] Bŏrn, boundary, limit.

BRUTUS' ORATION ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

(WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.)

Ro'mans, coun'trymen, and lov'ers! | hear me for my cause'; | and be si'lent | that you may' hear. | Believe me for mine hon'our[a]; | and have respect' unto mine honour | that you may' believe. | Censure me in your wis'dom; | and awake your sen'ses | that you may the better judge. |

If there be any in this assembly, | any dear friend of Cæsar's, | to him I say | that Bru'tus' love to Cæsar, | was no less than his. | If, then, that friend demand | why Brutus rose against' Cæsar, | this is my an'swer: | Not that I loved Cæsar, less,[b] | but that I loved Rome more. | Had you rather Cæsar were living, | and die all slaves', | than that Cæsar were dead, | and live all free'men? |

As Cæsar loved me, | I weep' for him; | as he was fortunate, | I rejoice' at it; | as he was valiant, | I honour him; | but, as he was ambitious, | I slew' him. | There are tears' for his love', | joy' for his for'tune, | hon'our for his val'our, | and death' for his ambi'tion. |

Who is here so base | that [he][c] would be a bond'man? | If any, | speak'; | for him have I offend'ed. | Who is here so rude | that [he] would not be a Ro'man? | If any, | speak'; | for him' have I offended. | Who is here so vile | that [he] will not love his coun'try? | If any, | speak'; | for him' have I offended. | I pause for a reply. |

None'! | Then none' have I offended. | I have done no more to Cæsar, | than you should do to Brutus. | The question of his death | is enrolled in the Ca'pitol; | his glory not extenuated, | wherein he was wor'thy; | nor his offences enforced', | for which he suffered death. |

Here comes his bod'y, | mourned by Mark An'tony: who, though he had no hand in his death, | shall receive

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[a] Mine honour; not mine-non'nur. [b] Cæsar less; not Cæ'sar-less. [c] The words in brackets are not in the original; they are introduced to make the language good English.

the ben'efit of his dying,— | a place in the com'mon-wealth; | as which of you' shall not? | With this, I depart': | That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, | I have the same dagger for myself', | when it shall please my country | to need' my death. |

ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

(WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.)

Friends', Ro'mans, coun'trymen! | lend me your ears. |
I come to bu'ry Cæsar, | not to praise' him. |
The evil that men do, | lives af'ter them; |
The good | is oft interred with their bones': |
So let it be with Cæsar. | The noble Brutus
Hath told you, | Cæsar was ambitious. |
If it were so, | it was a grievous fault'; |
And grievously hath Cæsar an'swer'd it. |
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest, |
(For Brutus is an honourable man; |
So are they all, | all honourable men;) |
Come I | to speak in Cæsar's funeral. |

He was my friend', | faithful, and just' to me |
But Brutus, says, he was ambi'tious; |
And Brutus is an hon'ourable man. |
He hath brought many cap tives home to Rome, |
Whose ransoms did the gen'eral coffers fill: |
Did this in Cæsar seem ambi'tious? |
When that the poor have cried, | Cæsar hath wept. |
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff'. |
Yet Brutus says, he was' ambitious; |
And Brutus is an hon'ourable man. |

You all did see | that, on the Lupercal,* |
I thrice presented him a kingly crown', |
Which he did thrice refuse. | Was this' ambition? |

* *Lupercalia*, solemn sacrifices, and plays, dedicated to Pan, kept on the 15th of February.—CICERO.

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious; |
And Brutus is an honourable man. |
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke; |
But here I am to speak what I do know. |
You all did love him once, | not without cause, |
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him? |
O judgment! | thou art fled to brutish beasts; |
And men have lost their reason! | Bear with me; |
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar; |
And I must pause till it come back to me. |

But yesterday, | the word of Cæsar, might
Have stood against the world: | now lies he there; |
And none so poor* to do him reverence. |
O masters! | if I were disposed | to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, |
I should do Brutus wrong, | and Cassius wrong, |
Who, you all know, | are honourable men. |
I will not do them wrong; | I rather choose
To wrong the dead, | to wrong myself, and you, |
Than I will wrong such honourable men. |

But here's a parchment, | with the seal of Cæsar. |
I found it in his closet: | 'tis his will. |
Let but the commons hear this testament; |
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read) |
And they would go, and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds, |
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood; |
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, |
And, dying, mention it within their wills, |
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue. |

If you have tears, | prepare to shed them now. |
You all do know this mantle: | I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on; |

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* The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar.—JOHNSON.

'Twas on a summer's eve'ning, | in *his* tent': |
That day he overcame the Ner'vii[a]— |
Look'! | in this place, ran Cassius' dag'ger through: |
See what a rent the envious Cas'ca, made: |
Through this, | the well-beloved Bru'tus, stabb'd; |
And as he pluck'd *his* cursed steel away, |
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd *it*! |
This was the most unkindest cut of all'; |
For when the noble Cæsar saw *him* stab, |
Ingrat'itude, | more strong than traitor's arms, |
Quite van'quish'd *him*. |

Then burst *his* mighty heart',
And, in *his* mantle muffling up *his* face, |
E'en at the base of Pompey's statue, |
(Which all the while ran blood!) great Cæsar fell. |
O what a fall was there', my countrymen! |
Then I', | and you', | and all' of us, fell down', |
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd[b] over us. |
O now you weep; | and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity. | These are gra'cious drops. |
Kind' souls! | what'! | weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's ves'ture wounded? | Look you here'! |
Here is *him*self', | marr'd, as you see, by traitors. |

Good' friends, | sweet' friends! | let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mu'tiny— |
They that have done' this deed, | are hôn'ourable! |
What private griefs they have, | alas! | I know not, |
That made' them do it— | they are wise and hôn'ourable; |
And will, no doubt, with reasons an'swer you! |
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts: |
I am no orator, as Brutus is; |
But, as you know me all, | a plain, blunt man, |
That love my friend'; | and that they know full well', |
That gave me public leave to speak of *him*. |

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[a] Nĕr'vĕ-i. [b] That is, flourished the sword.—STEEVENS.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth, |
Action, nor utterance, | nor power of speech, |
To stir men's blood: | I only speak right on. |
I tell you that which you yourselves do know; |
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, | poor, poor, dumb mouths, |
And bid them speak for me. | But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, | there were an Antony |
Would ruffle up your spirits, | and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, | that should move
The stones of Rome | to rise in mutiny. |

DOUGLAS'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

(JOHN HOME.)

My name is Norval; | on the Grampian hills |
My father feeds his flocks; | a frugal swain |
Whose constant cares | were to increase his store, |
And keep his only son, myself, at home: |
For I had heard of battles, | and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord; |
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied! |

This moon, which rose last night, round as my shield, |
Had not yet fill'd her horns, | when by her light, |
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills, |
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale, |
Sweeping our flocks, and herds. | The shepherds fled
For safety, and for succour. | I, alone, |
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows, |
Hover'd about the enemy, | and mark'd
The road he took: | then hasted to my friends |
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men, |
I met advancing. | The pursuit I led, |
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe. |

We fought, and conquer'd. | Ere a sword was drawn, |
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief |

Who wore, that day, the arms which now I wear, |
Returning home in triumph, | I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life: | and, having heard |
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers |
To lead their warriors to the Carron side, |
I left my father's house, | and took with me |
A chosen servant | to conduct my steps—|
[1]Yon trembling coward who forsook his master. |
[2]Journeying with this intent, | I pass'd these towers, |
And heaven-directed, | came this day to do |
The happy deed that gilds my humble name. |

PITT'S REPLY TO WALPOLE.

[This illustrious father of English Oratory, having expressed himself in the House of Commons, with his accustomed energy, in opposition to one of the measures then in agitation, his speech produced an answer from Mr WALPOLE, who, in the course of it, said, "Formidable sounds, and furious declamation, confident assertions, and lofty periods, may affect the young and inexperienced; and, perhaps, the honourable gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his own age, than with such as have had more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments." And he made use of some expressions, such as vehemence of gesture, theatrical emotion, etc., applying them to Mr PITT's manner of speaking. As soon as Mr WALPOLE sat down, Mr PITT got up and replied as follows.]

The atrocious crime of being a young man, | which the honourable gentleman has, | with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, | I shall neither attempt to palliate, nor deny; | but content myself with wishing | that I may be one of those | whose follies cease with their youth, | and not of that number | who are ignorant in spite of experience. |

Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, | I will not assume the province of determining: | but surely age may become justly contemptible, | if the opportunities which it brings | have passed away without improvement, | and vice appears to prevail | when the passions have subsided. |

The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, | continues still to blunder, | and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, | is

surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, | and deserves not that his grey head | should secure him from insult. |

Much more is he to be abhorred, | who, as he has advanced in age | has receded from virtue, | and becomes more wicked with less temptation: | who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, | and spends the remains of his life | in the ruin of his country. |

But youth is not my only crime. | I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. | A theatrical part | may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, | or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, | and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man. |

In the first sense, | the charge is too trifling to be confuted, | and deserves only to be mentioned | to be despised. | I am at liberty, | like every other man, | to use my own language; | and though I may, perhaps, have some ambition; | yet to please this gentleman, | I shall not lay myself under any restraint, | or very solicitously | copy his diction, or his mien, | however matured by age, | or modelled by experience. |

If any man shall, | by charging me with theatrical behaviour, | imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, | I shall treat him as a calumniator | and a villain: | nor shall any protection | shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. | I shall, on such an occasion, | without scruple, | trample upon all those forms | with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves: | nor shall anything but age | restrain my resentment: | age which always brings one privilege: | that of being insolent and supercilious | without punishment. |

But with regard to those whom I have offended, | I am of opinion | that if I had acted a borrowed part, | I should have avoided their censure. | The heat that offended them | is the ardour of conviction, | and that zeal for the service of my country | which neither hope nor fear | shall influence me to suppress. |

I will not sit unconcerned | while my liberty is invaded, | nor look in silence upon public robbery. | I will

exert my endeavours, | at whatever hazard, | to repel the aggressor, | and drag the thief to justice, | what power soever may protect the villainy, | and whoever may partake of the plunder. |

WOLSEY'S SOLILOQUY.

(WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.)

Farewell, | a long farewell, | to all my greatness! |
This is the state of man: | to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; | to-morrow, blossoms, |
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him: |
The third day, comes a frost, | a killing frost; |
And,—when he thinks, | good, easy man, | full surely
His greatness is a ripening,— | nips his root, |
And then he falls, | as I do. |

I have ventur'd, |
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, |
This* many summers, | in a sea of glory; |
But far beyond my depth: | my high-blown pride |
At length broke under me; | and now has left me, |
Weary, and old with service, | to the mercy
Of a rude stream, | that must forever hide me. |

Vain pomp, and glory of this world, | I hate ye; |
I feel my heart new open'd: | Oh! how wretched
Is that poor man | that hangs on princes' favours! |
There is,* betwixt that smile he would aspire to, |
That sweet aspect of princes, | and their ruin, |
More pangs, and fears | than wars, or women have;
And when he falls, | he falls like Lucifer, |
Never to hope again. |

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* Thus it stands in Shakespeare.

WOLSEY'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO CROMWELL.

(WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.)

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear | In all my miseries; | but thou hast forc'd me, | Out of thy honest truth, | to play the woman. | Let's dry our eyes; | and thus far hear me, Cromwell: | And,—[1]when I am forgotten, as I shall be, | And sleep in dull, cold marble, | where no mention Of me more must be heard of,— | [2]say, I taught thee, | Say, Wolsey,— | that once trod the ways of glory, | And sounded all the depths, and shoals of honour,— | Found thee a way, | out of his wreck, | to rise in; | A sure, and safe one, | though thy master miss'd it. |

Mark but my fall, | and that that ruin'd me. | Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition; | By that sin fell the angels, | how can man then, | The image of his Maker, | hope to win by 't? | Love thyself last: | cherish those hearts that hate thee; Corruption wins not more than honesty. | Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace, | To silence envious tongues. |

Be just, and fear not: | Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, | be thy country's, | Thy God's, and truth's; | then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell, | Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. | O Cromwell, | Had I serv'd my God | with half the zeal I serv'd my king, | He would not in mine age | Have left me naked to mine enemies. |

INDUSTRY NECESSARY TO THE ATTAINMENT OF ELOQUENCE.

(SIR JAMES WARE.)

The history of the world is full of testimony | to prove how much depends upon industry; | not an eminent

orator has lived but is an example of it. | Yet, in contradiction to all this, | the almost universal feeling appears to be, | that industry can effect nothing, | that eminence is the result of accident, | and that every one must be content | to remain just what he may happen to be. | Thus multitudes, who come forward as teachers and guides, | suffer themselves to be satisfied with the most indifferent attainments, | and a miserable mediocrity, | without so much as inquiring how they may rise higher, | much less making any attempt to rise. |

For any other art they would have served an apprenticeship, | and would be ashamed to practise it in public before they had learned it. | If any one would sing, | he attends a master, | and is drilled in the very elementary principles; | and only after the most laborious process, | dares to exercise his voice in public. | This he does, | though he has scarce anything to learn but the mechanical execution | of what lies in sensible forms before the eye. | But the extempore speaker, | who is to invent as well as to utter, | to carry on an operation of the mind | as well as to produce sound, | enters upon the work without preparatory discipline, | and then wonders that he fails! |

If he were learning to play on the flute for public exhibition, | what hours and days would he spend in giving facility to his fingers, | and attaining the power of the sweetest and most expressive execution! | If he were devoting himself to the organ, | what months and years would he labour, | that he might know its compass, | and be master of its keys, | and be able to draw out, at will, | all its various combinations of harmonious sound, | and its full richness and delicacy of expression! | And yet he will fancy that the grandest, | the most various and most expressive of all instruments, | which the infinite Creator has fashioned | by the union of an intellectual soul with the powers of speech, | may be played upon without study or practice; | he comes to it a mere uninstructed tyro, | and thinks to manage all its stops, | and command the whole compass of its varied and compre-

hensive power! | He finds himself a bungler in the attempt, | is mortified at his failure, | and settles it in his mind forever, that the attempt is vain. |

Success in every art, | whatever may be the natural talent, | is always the reward of industry and pains. | But the instances are many, | of men of the finest natural genius, | whose beginning has promised much, | but who have degenerated wretchedly as they advanced, | because they trusted to their gifts, | and made no efforts to improve. | That there have never been other men | of equal endowments with Demosthenes and Cicero, | none would venture to suppose; but who have so devoted themselves to their art, | or become equal in excellence? | If those great men had been content, like others, | to continue as they began, | and had never made their persevering efforts for improvement, | what would their countries have benefited from their genius, | or the world have known of their fame? | They would have been lost in the undistinguished crowd | that sunk to oblivion around them. |

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

(LORD BYRON.)

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold, |
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold; |
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea, |
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee. |

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green, |
That host with their banners at sunset were seen: |
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown, |
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown. |

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast, |
And breath'd in the face of the foe as he pass'd; |
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill, |
And their hearts but once heav'd, and forever were still! |

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide, |
But through them there roll'd not the breath of his
pride; |
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf, |
And cold as the spray on the rock-beating surf. |

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale, |
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone, |
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown. |

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail, |
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal; |
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword, |
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord! |

CASABIANCA.

(MRS HEMANS.)

[Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son of the admiral of the *Orient*, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned; and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.]

The boy stood on the burning deck, |
Whence all but him had fled; |
The flame that lit the battle's wreck, |
Shone round him o'er the dead. |

Yet beautiful and bright he stood, |
As born to rule the storm; |
A creature of heroic blood, |
A proud, though child-like form. |

The flames roll'd on— | he would not go, |
Without his father's word; |

That father, faint in death below, |
His voice no longer heard. |

He call'd aloud— | "Say, father, say |
If yet my task is done?" |
He knew not that the chieftain lay |
Unconscious of his son. |

"Speak, father!" | once again he cried, |
"If I may yet be gone?" |
And but the booming shots replied, |
And fast the flames roll'd on. |

Upon his brow he felt their breath, |
And in his waving hair; |
And look'd from that lone post of death, |
In still, yet brave despair. |

And shouted but once more aloud, |
"My father! must I stay?" |
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud, |
The wreathing fires made way. |

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild, |
They caught the flag on high, |
And stream'd above the gallant child, |
Like banners in the sky. |

There came a burst of thunder sound— |
The boy— | oh! where was he? |
Ask of the winds that far around |
With fragments strew'd the sea! |

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair, |
That well had borne their part— |
But the noblest thing that perish'd there, |
Was that young faithful heart. |

RECEPTION OF COLUMBUS ON HIS RETURN TO SPAIN.

(WASHINGTON IRVING.)

The fame of *his* discovery | ha*d* resounded throughou*t* the nation, | an*d* as *his* rou*te* | lay through several of the finest | an*d* mos*t* populous provinces of Spain, | his journey appeare*d* like the progress of a sovereign. | Wherever *he* passe*d*, | the surrounding country poure*d* forth its inhabitants, | who line*d* the roa*d* an*d* throng*ed* the villages. | In the large towns, | the streets, windows, an*d* balconies, | were fille*d* with eager spectators, | who ren*t* the air with acclamations. |

His journey was continually impeded | by the multitu*de* | pressing to gain a sigh*t* of *him*, | an*d* of the Indians, | who were regarde*d* with as much admiration | as if they had been natives of another planet. | It was impossible to satisfy the craving curiosity | which assaile*d* *himself* an*d* *his* attendants, | at every stage, | with innumerable questions: | popular rumour, as usual, | had exaggerated the truth, | an*d* had fille*d* the newly-founde*d* country with all kinds of wonders. |

It was abou*t* the middle of April, | that Columbus arrive*d* at Barcelona, | where every preparation had been ma*de* | to give *him* a solemn an*d* magnificen*t* reception. | The beauty an*d* serenity of the weather, | in tha*t* genial season and favoure*d* climate, | contributed to give splendour to this memorable ceremony. | As he drew near the place, | many of the more youthful courtiers, | an*d* hidal'gos[a] of gallan*t* bearing, | together with a vas*t* concourse of the populace, | came forth to mee*t* an*d* welcome *him*. |

His entrance into this noble city | has been compared to one of those triumphs, | which the Romans were accustome*d* to decree to conquerors. | Firs*t* were paraded the Indians, | painted according to their savage fashion, | an*d* decorate*d* with tropical feathers, | an*d* with their

[a] Hidal'go (Spanish), a noble man or woman.

national ornaments of gold; | after these were borne various kinds of live parrots, | together with stuffed birds and animals of unknown species, | and rare plants, supposed to be of precious qualities: | while great care was taken to make a conspicuous display of Indian coronets, | bracelets, | and other decorations of gold, | which might give an idea of the wealth of the newly-discovered regions. | After these followed Columbus, on horseback, | surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Spanish chivalry. |

The streets were almost impassable from the countless multitude; | the windows and balconies were crowded with the fair; | the very roofs were covered with spectators. | It seemed, as if the public eye could not be sated | with gazing on these trophies of an unknown world, | or on the remarkable man by whom it had been discovered. | There was a sublimity in this event, | that mingled a solemn feeling with the public joy. | It was looked upon as a vast and signal dispensation of Providence, | in reward for the piety of the monarchs; | and the majestic and venerable appearance of the discoverer, | so different from the youth and buoyancy[a] | that are generally expected from roving enterprise, | seemed in harmony with the grandeur and dignity of his achievement. |

To receive him with suitable pomp and distinction, | the sovereigns had ordered their throne to be placed in public, | under a rich canopy of brocade[b] of gold, | in a vast and splendid saloon. | Here the king and queen awaited his arrival, | seated in state with the prince Juan beside them, | and attended by the dignitaries of their court, | and the principal nobility of Castile, | Valentia, | Catalonia, | and Arragon, | all impatient to behold the man, | who had conferred so incalculable a benefit upon the nation. |

At length Columbus entered the hall, | surrounded by a brilliant crowd of cavaliers, | among whom, says Las Casas, | he was conspicuous for his stately and command-

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[a] Bŏō'ăn-sē. [b] Brō-kād'.

ing person, | which, with *his* countenance rendered venerable by *his* grey hairs, | gave *him* the august appearance of a senator of Rome. | A modest smile lighted up *his* features, | showing that *he* enjoyed the state and glory in which he came; | and certainly nothing could be more deeply moving, | to a mind inflamed by noble ambition, | and conscious of having greatly deserved, | than were these testimonials | of the admiration and gratitude of a nation, | or rather of a world. |

As Columbus approached, | the sovereigns rose, | as if receiving a person of the highest rank. | Bending his knees, | he requested to kiss their hands; | but there was some hesitation on the part of their majesties | to permit this act of vassalage. | Raising *him* in the most gracious manner, | they ordered *him* to seat *himself* in their presence; | a rare honour in this proud and punctilious court. |

At the request of their majesties, | Columbus now gave an account of the most striking events of *his* voyage, | and a description of the islands which *he* had discovered. | He displayed the specimens *he* had brought | of unknown birds and other animals; | of rare plants, of medicinal and aromatic virtue; | of native gold, | in dust, | in crude masses, | or laboured into barbaric ornaments; | and, above all, | the natives of these countries, | who were objects of intense and inexhaustible interest; | since there is nothing to man | so curious as the varieties of *his* own species. | All these he pronounced mere harbingers of greater discoveries | he had yet to make, | which would add realms of incalculable wealth to the dominions of their majesties, | and whole nations of proselytes to the true faith. |

The words of Columbus | were listened to with profound emotion by the sovereigns. | When he had finished, | they sunk on their knees, | and raising their clasped hands to heaven, | their eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, | they poured forth thanks and praises to God for so great a providence; | all present followed their example; | a deep and solemn enthusiasm pervaded

that splendid assembly, | and prevented all common acclamations of triumph. |

The anthem of *Te Deum laudamus*,[a] | chanted by the choir of the royal chapel, | with the melodious accompaniments of the instruments, | rose up from the midst, | in a full body of sacred harmony, | bearing up, as it were, | the feelings and thoughts of the auditors to heaven, | "so that," says the venerable Las Casas, | "it seemed as if in that hour they communicated with celestial delights." | Such was the solemn and pious manner | in which the brilliant court of Spain, | celebrated this sublime event: | offering up a grateful tribute of melody and praise; | and giving glory to God for the discovery of another world. |

When Columbus retired from the royal presence, | he was attended to his residence by all the court, | and followed by the shouting populace. | For many days he was the object of universal curiosity, | and wherever he appeared, | he was surrounded by an admiring multitude. |

GOD.

[From the Russian Anthology.]

(DERZHAVIN.)

O Thou eter'nal One! | whose presence bright' |
All space doth oc'cupy, | all motion guide'; |
Unchang'd through time's all-devastating flight'; |
Thou on'ly God! | There is no God beside', ! |
Being above all' beings! | Migh'ty One! |
Whom none can comprehend, | and none explore'; |
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone': |
Embracing all' — | support'ing — | ruling o'er' — |
Being whom we call God' — | and know no more', ! |

[a] We praise Thee, God.

In its sublime research, | philosophy
May measure out the o'cean-deep — | may count
The sands, | or the sun's rays'— | but, God! | for Thee
There is no weight, nor measure: | none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. | Reason's brightest spark, |
Though kindled by Thy light, | in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, | infinite, and dark; |
And thought is lost' | ere thought can soar so high, |
E'en like past moments in eternity. |

Thou from primeval noth'ingness, | didst call |
First chaos, | then existence — | Lord, on Thee
Eternity had its foundation: — | all
Sprung forth from Thee: — | of light, | joy', | harmony,
Sole origin: | all life', | all beauty, Thine. |
Thy word created all, | and doth' create; |
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine. |
Thou art, | and wert', | and shalt be! | Glorious! |
Great! |
Life'-giving, | life-sustaining Potentate[a]! |

Thy chains the unmeasur'd universe surround: |
Upheld by Thee, | by Thee inspir'd with breath: |
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound, |
And beautifully mingled life, and death! |
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze, |
So suns' are born; | so worlds spring forth from Thee: |
And, as the spangles in the sunny rays |
Shine round the silver snow, | the pageantry[b]
Of heaven's bright army, | glitters in Thy praise.* |

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[a] Pō'tĕn-tāte; not pō'tn-tāte. [b] Pād'jĕăn-trē.

* "The force of this simile," says Bowring, in his *Specimens of the Russian Poets*, "can hardly be imagined by those who have never witnessed the sun shining, with unclouded splendour, in a cold of twenty or thirty degrees of Reaumur. A thousand, and ten thousand sparkling stars of ice, brighter than the brightest diamond, play on the surface of the frozen snow; and the slightest breeze sets myriads of icy atoms in motion, whose glancing light, and beautiful rainbow hues, dazzle and weary the eye."

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand, |
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss : |
They own Thy power, | accomplish Thy command, |
All gay with life, | all eloquent with bliss. |
What shall we call them ? | Piles of crystal light, |
A glorious company of golden streams, |
Lamps of celestial ether, | burning bright— |
Suns, lighting systems with their joyous beams ? |
But Thou to these art as the noon to night. |

Yes, as a drop of water in the sea, |
All this magnificence in Thee is lost. |
What are ten thousand worlds compar'd to Thee ? |
And what am I then ? | Heaven's unnumber'd host, |
Though multiplied by myriads, | and array'd
In all the glory of sublimest thought, |
Is but an atom[a] in the balance, | weigh'd
Against Thy greatness— | is a cypher brought
Against infinity ! | What am I then ? | Nought ! |

Nought ! | But the effluence of Thy light divine, |
Pervading worlds, | hath reach'd my bosom too ; |
Yes ! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine, |
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew. |
Nought ! | but I live, and on hope's pinions fly |
Eager towards Thy presence ; | for in Thee
I live, | and breathe, | and dwell ; | aspiring high, |
E'en to the throne of Thy divinity. |
I am, O God ! | and surely Thou must be ! |

Thou art ! | directing, guiding all, | Thou art ! |
Direct my understanding, then, to Thee ; |
Control my spirit, | guide my wandering heart : |
Though but an atom[a] midst immensity, |

[a] But an atom ; not but-tar-nat'tom.

Still I am something fashion'*d* by Thy hand! |
I hold a mid'dle rank 'twixt heaven, and earth, |
On the last verge of mortal being stand', |
Close to the realms where angels have their birth, |
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me,— |
In me is matter's last gradation lost; |
And the next step is spirit— | Deity! |
I can command the lightning, | and am dust! |
A mon'arch, | and a slave; | a worm', | a God! |
Whence came I here? | and how so marvellously
Constructed, and conceiv'd? | unknown. | This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy; |
For, from itself alone, | it could not be! |

Creator, yes! | Thy wisdom, and Thy word
Created me! | Thou source of life, and good! |
Thou spirit of my spirit, | and my Lord! |
Thy light', | Thy love, | in their bright plenitude, |
Fill'd me with an immortal soul | to spring
O'er the abyss of death, | and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, | and wing
Its heavenly flight | beyond this little sphere, |
E'en to its source— ' to Thee— | its Author there. |

O thoughts ineffable! | O visions blest! |
Though worthless, our conceptions all of Thee; |
Yet shall Thy shadow'd image fill our breast, |
And waft its homage to Thy Deity. |
God, thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar; |
Thus seek Thy presence, | Being wise, and good! |
Midst Thy vast works admire, | obey', | adore; |
And, when the tongue is eloquent no more, |
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude. |

ACCOUNT CURRENT.

Woman, Dr.

Oh, the woe that woman brings ! |
  Source of sorrow, grief and pain ! |
All our evils have their springs, |
  In the first of female train. |

Eve by eating led poor Adam |
  Out of Eden, and astray ; |
Look for sorrow still where Madam, |
  Pert and proud, directs the way. |

Courtship is a slavish pleasure, |
  Soothing a coquettish train ; |
Wedded—what the mighty treasure ? |
  Doom'd to drag a golden chain. |

Noisy clack and constant brawling, |
  Discord and domestic strife ; |
Empty cupboard, | children bawling, |
  Scolding woman made a wife. |

Gaudy dress and haughty carriage, |
  Love's fond balance fled and gone ; |
These, the bitter fruits of marriage ! |
  He that's wise will live alone ! |

ACCOUNT CURRENT.

Contra, Or.

Oh, what joys from woman spring! |
  Source of bliss and purest peace! |
Eden could not comfort bring, |
  Till fair woman show'd her face. |

When she came, | good honest Adam |
  Clasp'd the gift with open arms, |
He left Eden for his madam, |
  So our parent prized her charms. |

Courtship thrills the soul with pleasure; |
  Virtue's blush on beauty's cheek: |
Happy prelude to a treasure |
  Kings have left their crowns to seek! |

Lovely looks and constant courting, |
  Sweet'ning all the toils of life; |
Cheerful children, harmless sporting, |
  Lovely woman made a wife! |

Modest dress and gentle carriage, |
  Love triumphant on his throne; |
These the blissful fruits of marriage— |
  None but fools would live alone. |

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE,

Who fell at the Battle of Corunna.

(REV. CHARLES WOLFE.)

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharg'd his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclos'd his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.
Few, and short were the prayers we said;
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gaz'd on the face of the dead;
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe, and the stranger would tread o'er his head;
And we far away on the billow.
Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock told the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant, and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.
Slowly, and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame, fresh, and gory:
We carv'd not a line,— we rais'd not a stone,
But left him alone in his glory.

PART IV.

READINGS AND RECITATIONS

FOR SENIOR STUDENTS.

THE MAY QUEEN.

(ALFRED TENNYSON.)

You must wake and call me early,—call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad new year:—
Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black,—black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret, and Mary, there's Kate, and Caroline;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say:—
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds, and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think you should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree;
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'll come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches, blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire, in swamps and hollows grey:—
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the live-long day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh, and green, and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily glance and play;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early,—call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad new year:—
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking, call me early,—call me early, mother dear;
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year:—
It is the last new year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould, and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;
And the new year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers; we had a merry day;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May:
And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's wain came out above the tall white chimney tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills:—the frost is on the pane:—
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again:
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high:—
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'll caw from the windy tall elm tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea;
And the swallow 'll come again with summer o'er the wave,—
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel casement, and upon that grave of mine,
In the early,—early morning the summer sun 'll shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
You'll never see me more in the long grey fields at night;
When from the dry, dark wold, the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass, and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.—
I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward,—but you'll forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow—
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild;
You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

If I can,—I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face,
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

Good night!—Good night!—when I have said "good night" for evermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door,
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green,
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden tools upon the granary floor;
Let her take 'em; they are hers; I shall never garden more:
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I set
About the parlour-window, and the box of mignonette.

Good night, sweet mother:—call me before the day is born,
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year,—
So, if you're waking, call me,—call me early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am:
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!—
To die before the snow-drop came,—and now the violet's here.

Oh sweet is the new violet that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life;—to me that long to go.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;—
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

Oh blessings on his kindly voice, and on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!
Oh blessings on his kindly heart, and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him as he knelt beside my bed.

He showed me all the mercy,—for he taught me all the sin;—
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in:
Nor would I now be well,—mother,—again, if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl,—mother,—or the death-watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet:—
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.—

All in the wild March morning I heard the angels call;—
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;—
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March morning I heard them call my soul.

For, lying broad awake, I thought of you and Effie dear;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;
With all my strength I prayed for both, and so I felt resign'd,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said,
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,—
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping: and I said, "It's not for them; it's mine!
And if it comes three times," I thought, "I take it for a sign."
And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,
Then seem'd to go right up to heaven, and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day;
But, Effie, you must comfort her when I am passed away.—

Oh look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know:
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

Oh sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done,
The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun:—
Forever and forever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan?—why make we such ado?

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
And the "wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

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SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.

(CHARLES DICKENS.)

[PERSONS: Tony Weller, *Father;* Sam Weller, *Son.*]

["Sam Weller sat himself down in a box near the stove, and pulled out the sheet of gilt-edged letter-paper, and the hard-nibbed pen. Then looking carefully at the pen to see that there were no hairs in it, and dusting down the table, so that there might be no crumbs of bread under the paper, Sam tucked up the cuffs of his coat, squared his elbows, and composed himself to write.

"To ladies and gentlemen who are not in the habit of devoting themselves practically to the science of penmanship, writing a letter is no very easy task; it being always considered necessary in such cases for the writer to recline his head on his left arm, so as to place his eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the paper, while glancing sideways at the letters he is constructing, to form with his tongue imaginary characters to correspond. These motions, although unquestionably of the greatest assistance to original composition, retard in some degree the progress of the writer; and Sam had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones, which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent."—*Pickwick Papers.*]

F. Vell, Sammy.

S. Vell, my Prooshan Blue (*laying down his pen*). What's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?

F. Mrs Veller passed a wery good night, but is uncommon perwerse, and unpleasant this mornin'. Signed upon oath, S. Veller, Esquire, Senior. That's the last vun as was issued, Sammy (*untying his shawl*).

S. No better yet?

F. All the symptoms aggerawated (*shaking his head*). But wot's that, you're a doin' of? Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, Sammy?

S. I've done now (*with slight embarrassment*); I've been a writin'.

F. So I see. Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy?

S. Why, it's no use a sayin' it ain't. It's a walentine.

F. A what! (*apparently horror-stricken by the word*).

S. A walentine.

F. Samivel, Samivel—(*in reproachful accents*)—I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities; arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actiwally seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought wos a moral lesson as no man could never ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it! (*These reflections are too much for the good old man. He raises Sam's tumbler to his lips and drinks off its contents.*)

S. Wot's the matter now?

F. Nev'r mind, Sammy, it'll be a wery agonisin' trial to me at my time of life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked wen the farmer said he wos afeerd he should be obliged to kill him for the London market.

S. Wot'll be a trial?

F. To see you married, Sammy—to see you a dilluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all wery capital. It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy.

S. Nonsense. I ain't a goin' to get married, don't you fret yourself about that; I know you're a judge of these things. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the

letter. There! (*Tony receives his pipe, and prepares to listen to Sam reading the valentine.*)

F. Fire away. (*Sam dips his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and begins with a very theatrical air:*)

S. "Lovely——"

F. Stop (*ringing the bell*). A double glass o' the inwariable, my dear.

Girl. Very well, sir. (*Appears, vanishes, returns, and disappears.*)

S. They seem to know your ways here.

F. Yes, I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy.

S. "Lovely creetur."

F. 'Tain't in poetry, is it? (*interposing.*)

S. No, no.

F. Wery glad to hear it. Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows; never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin ag'in, Sammy.

S. "Lovely creetur i feel myself a damed——"

F. That ain't proper (*taking his pipe from his mouth*).

S. No; it ain't "damed" (*holding the letter up to the light*), it's "shamed," there's a blot there—"I feel myself ashamed."

F. Wery good. Go on.

S. "Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir——" I forget what this here word is (*scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember*).

F. Why don't you look at it, then?

S. So I *am* a lookin' at it, but there's another blot. Here's a "c," and a "i," and a "d."

F. Circumwented, p'haps.

S. No, it ain't that, "circumscribed;" that's it.

F. That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy (*gravely*).

S. Think not?

F. Nothin' like it.

S. But don't you think it means more?

F. Vell, p'raps it is a more tenderer word (*after a few moments' reflection*). Go on, Sammy.

S. "Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it."

F. That's a wery pretty sentiment (*removing his pipe to make way for the remark*).

S. Yes, I think it is rayther good.

F. Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin' is, that there ain't no callin' names in it,—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind. Wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Wenus or a angel, Sammy?

S. Ah! what, indeed?

F. You might jist as well call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is wery well known to be a col-lection o' fabulous animals.

S. Just as well.

F. Drive on, Sammy.

S. "Afore I see you, I thought all women was alike——"

F. So they are.

S. "But now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, ink-red'lous turnip I must ha' been; for there ain't nobody like you, though *I* like you better than nothin' at all."—I thought it best to make that rayther strong (*looking up*). (*Mr Weller nods approvingly, and Sam resumes.*)

S. "So I take the privilidge of the day, Mary, my dear—as the gen'l'm'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday,—to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colours than ever a likeness was took by the profeel macheen (wich p'raps you may have heerd on Mary my dear) altho it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete, with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter."

F. I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy.

S. No it don't (*reading on very quickly, to avoid con-*

testing the point). "Except of me Mary my dear as your walentine and think over what I've said.—My dear Mary I will now conclude." That's all.

F. That's rather a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?

S. Not a bit on it; she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'.

F. Well, there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in law 'ud only conduct her conwersation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain't you a goin' to sign it?

S. That's the difficulty. I don't know what *to* sign it.

F. Sign it "Veller."

S. Won't do. Never sign a walentine with your own name.

F. Sign it "Pickvick," then; it's a wery good name, and a easy one to spell.

S. The wery thing. I *could* end with a werse; what do you think?

F. I don't like it, Sam. I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy o' werses the night afore he wos hung for a highway robbery; and *he* wos only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule.

S. (*Signs and reads.*)

"Your love-sick
Pickwick."

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THE LEGEND OF HORATIUS.

(LORD MACAULAY.)

[The Tarquins were expelled from Rome, say the Latin historians, on account of their tyranny and crimes; and the Etruscans, their fellow-countrymen, sought to bring about their restoration to power a few years afterwards. They besieged Rome with a great army; and the Romans came out to meet them, but were repulsed, and compelled to flee across a wooden bridge over the Tiber. The Consul gave orders for the destruction of the bridge, that the enemy might be prevented from gaining the city. The following portion of the legend relates how the bridge was destroyed and the city saved by the "brave Horatius." The story is supposed to be told a century after these events.]

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,

And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this Earth
Death cometh soon or late;
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods!

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed you may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three;
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius,—
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius,—
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou say'st, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless three.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless three.

The three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that mighty mass;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow pass.

. . . . . .

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamour
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' length from the entrance
Halted that mighty mass,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow pass.

But hark! the cry is "Astur:"
And lo! the ranks divide,
And the great lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

. . . . . .

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing space;
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth and skull and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a handbreadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head!

And the great lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
  Herminius darted back:
And as they passed, beneath their feet
  They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
  And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
  They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
  Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
  Lay right athwart the stream.
Alone stood brave Horatius,
  But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
  And the broad flood behind.

"Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
  To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
  Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
  The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
  Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
  Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
  Stood gazing where he sank:
And when beneath the surges
  They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
  Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
  Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
  And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
  And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
  But still again he rose.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus,
  "Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
  We should have sacked the town!"—
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
  "And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
  Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
  Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the fathers,
  To press his gory hands;
And now with shouts and clapping,
  And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the river-gate,
  Borne by the joyous crowd.

When the good-man mends his armour,
  And trims his helmet's plume;
When the good-wife's shuttle merrily
  Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
  Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
  In the brave days of old.

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BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

(MRS HEMANS.)

[The celebrated Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, having made many ineffectual efforts to procure the release of his father, the Count Saldana, who had been imprisoned by King Alfonso of Asturias, almost from the time of Bernardo's birth, at last took up arms in despair. The war which he maintained proved so destructive, that the men of the land gathered round the king, and united in demanding Saldana's liberty. Alfonso accordingly offered Bernardo immediate possession of his father's person, in exchange for his castle at Carpio. Bernardo, without hesitation, gave up his stronghold, with all his captives, and being assured that his father was then on his way from prison, rode forth with the king to meet him. "And when he saw his father approaching, he exclaimed," says the ancient chronicle, "Oh! God, is the Count Saldana indeed coming?" "Look where he is," replied the cruel king, "and now go and greet him, whom you have so long desired to see."—The remainder of the story will be found related in the ballad. The chronicles and romances leave us nearly in the dark as to Bernardo's future history after this event, with the exception of the final interview in which he renounced his allegiance to the king.]

The warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;
"I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—Oh! break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day:
Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet him on his way."—
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land;
—"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flashed,—his proud breast heaved,—his cheek's hue came and went,—
He reached that grey-haired chieftain's side, and there dismounting bent,
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold,—a frozen thing,—it dropped from his like lead,—
He looked up to the face above,—the face was of the dead.
A plume waved o'er the noble brow,—the brow was fixed and white;—
He met at last his father's eyes,—but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed;—but who could paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze:—
They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low, and wept like childhood then—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown,—
He flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for now,—

My king is false, my hope betrayed! My father—oh! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire! beside thee yet!—
I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met!—
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then;—for thee my fields were won;
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!"

Then starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and 'wildered looks of all the courtier train;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face,—the king before the dead:—

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?
—Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this?
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought,—give answer, where are they?
—If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay!

"Into these glassy eyes put light,—be still! keep down thine ire,—
Bid these white lips a blessing speak,—this earth is not my sire:—
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed,—
Thou canst not?—and a king!—his dust be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed,—his slack hand fell;—upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned from that sad place:
His hope was crushed, his after-fate untold in martial strain:—
His banner led the spears no more, amidst the hills of Spain.

CAUDLE HAS BEEN MADE A MASON.

(DOUGLAS JERROLD.)

Now, Mr Caudle,—Mr Caudle, I say: oh! you can't be asleep already, I know. Now, what I mean to say is this: there's no use, none at all, in our having any disturbance about the matter; but at last my mind's made up, Mr Caudle; I shall leave you. Either I know all you've been doing to-night, or to-morrow morning I shall quit the house. No, no! There's an end of the marriage state, I think,—and an end of all confidence between man and wife,—if a husband's to have secrets and keep 'em all to himself. Pretty secrets they must be, when his own wife can't know 'em. Not fit for any decent person to know, I'm sure, if that's the case. Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel, there's a good soul: tell me, what's it all about? A pack of nonsense, I dare say; still,—not that I care much about it,—still, I should like to know. There's a dear. Eh? Oh, don't tell me there's nothing in it; I know better. I'm not a fool, Mr Caudle; I know there's a good deal in it. Now, Caudle, just tell me a little bit of it. I'm sure I'd tell you anything. You know I would. Well?

And you're not going to let me know the secret, eh? You mean to say—you're not? Now, Caudle, you know it's a hard matter to put me in a passion,—not that I care about the secret itself; no, I wouldn't give a button to know it, for it's all nonsense, I'm sure. It isn't the

secret I care about; it's the slight, Mr Caudle; it's the studied insult that a man pays to his wife, when he thinks of going through the world keeping something to himself which he won't let her know. Man and wife one, indeed! I should like to know how that can be when a man's a mason,—when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? Ha! you men make the laws, and so you take good care to have all the best of them to yourselves; otherwise a woman ought to be allowed a divorce when a man becomes a mason,—when he's got a sort of corner-cupboard in his heart, a secret place in his mind, that his poor wife isn't allowed to rummage.

Was there ever such a man? A man, indeed! A brute!—yes, Mr Caudle, an unfeeling, brutal creature, when you might oblige me, and you won't. I'm sure I don't object to your being a mason; not at all, Caudle; I dare say it's a very good thing; I dare say it is: it's only your making a secret of it that vexes me. But you'll tell me,—you'll tell your own Margaret? You won't? You're a wretch, Mr Caudle.

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SCENE FROM "THE LADY OF LYONS."

(LORD LYTTON.)

[PERSONS: Claude Melnotte and Pauline Deschapelles.]

Pauline. Sweet Prince, tell me again of thy palace by the Lake of Como; it is so pleasant to hear of thy splendours since thou didst swear to me that they would be desolate without Pauline; and when thou describest them, it is with a mocking lip and a noble scorn, as if custom had made thee disdain greatness.

Melnotte. Nay, dearest, nay, if thou wouldst have me paint
The home to which, could Love fulfil its prayers,
This hand would lead thee, listen!—A deep vale

Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world;
Near a clear lake, margin'd by fruits of gold
And whispering myrtles; glassing softest skies,
As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,
As I would have thy fate!

Pau. My own dear love!

Mel. A palace lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage, musical with birds,
Whose songs should syllable thy name! At noon
We'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder
Why earth could be unhappy, while the heavens
Still left us youth and love! We'd have no friends
That were not lovers; no ambition, save
To excel them all in love; we'd read no books
That were not tales of love—that we might smile
To think how poorly eloquence of words
Translates the poetry of hearts like ours!
And when night came, amidst the breathless heavens
We'd guess what star should be our home when love
Becomes immortal; while the perfumed light
Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,
And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange-groves and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
I' the midst of roses!—Dost thou like the picture?

Pau. Oh, as the bee upon the flower, I hang
Upon the honey of thy eloquent tongue!
Am I not blest? And if I love too wildly,
Who would not love thee like Pauline!

Mel. [*bitterly*] Oh, false one!
It is the *prince* thou lovest, not the *man:*
If in the stead of luxury, pomp, and power,
I had painted poverty, and toil, and care,
Thou had'st found no honey on my tongue;—Pauline,
That is not love!

Pau. Thou wrongst me, cruel Prince!
At first, in truth, I might not have been won,
Save through the weakness of a flattered pride;

But now,—oh! trust me,—couldst thou fall from power
And sink——
Mel. As low as that poor gardener's son
Who dared to lift his eyes to thee?
Pau. Even then,
Methinks, thou wouldst be only made more dear
By the sweet thought that I could prove how deep
Is woman's love! We are like the insects, caught
By the poor glittering of a garish flame:
But, oh, the wings once scorched, the brightest star
Lures us no more; and by the fatal light
We cling till death!
Mel. Angel!
[*Aside.*] O conscience! conscience!
It must not be;—her love hath grown a torture
Worse than her hate. I will at once to Beauseant,
And—ha! he comes. [*Looking off.*]—Sweet love, one moment leave me.
I have business with these gentlemen—I—I
Will forthwith join you.
Pau. Do not tarry long. [*Exeunt.*

[Claude and Pauline.]

Mel. Now, lady, hear me.
Pau. Hear thee!
Ay, speak—her son! have fiends a parent? speak,
That thou mayst silence curses!—speak!
Mel. No, curse me!
Thy curse would blast me less than thy forgiveness.
Pau. [*laughing wildly*] This is thy palace, where "the perfumed light
Steals through the mist of alabaster lamps,
And every air is heavy with the sighs
Of orange-groves, and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains, that gush forth
I' the midst of roses!" Dost thou like the picture?
This is my bridal home, and thou my bridegroom!
O fool—O dupe—O wretch! I see it all—
The by-word and the jeer of every tongue

In Lyons. Hast thou in thy heart one touch
Of human kindness? If thou hast, why, kill me,
And save thy wife from madness. No, it cannot—
It cannot be: this is some horrid dream:
I shall wake soon [*touching him*]. Art flesh? art man?
The shadows seen in sleep? It is too real. [or but
What have I done to thee?—how sinned against thee,
That thou shouldst crush me thus?
Mel. Pauline, by pride
Angels have fallen ere thy time: by pride—
That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—
The evil spirit of a bitter love,
And a revengeful heart had power upon thee.
From my first years my soul was filled with thee:
I saw thee 'midst the flow'rs the lowly boy
Tended, unmarked by thee—a spirit of bloom,
And joy, and freshness, as if spring itself
Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape!
I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man
Entered the breast of the wild, dreaming boy,
And from that hour I grew—what to the last
I shall be—thine adorer? Well, this love,
Vain, frantic, guilty, if thou wilt, became
A fountain of ambition and bright hope;
I thought of tales, that by the winter hearth
Old gossips tell—how maidens sprung from kings
Have stooped from their high sphere; how Love, like Death,
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home
In the soft palace of a fairy Future!
My father died; and I, the peasant born,
Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate;
And, with such jewels as the exploring Mind
Brings from the caves of Knowledge, buy my ransom
From those twin gaolers of the daring heart—
Low Birth and iron Fortune. Thy bright image,
Glassed in my soul, took all the hues of glory,

And lured me on to those inspiring toils
By which man masters men! For thee I grew
A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages!
For thee I sought to borrow from each Grace,
And every muse, such attributes as lend
Ideal charms to Love. I thought of thee,
And Passion taught me poesy—of thee,
And on the painter's canvas grew the life
Of beauty! Art became the shadow
Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes!
Men called me vain—some mad—I heeded not;
But still toil'd on—hoped on—for it was sweet,
If not to win, to feel more worthy thee!

Pau. Has he a magic to exorcise hate?

Mel. At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour
The thoughts that burst their channels into song,
And sent them to thee—such a tribute, lady,
As beauty rarely scorns, even from the meanest.
The name—appended by the burning heart
That long'd to show its idol what bright things
It had created—yea, the enthusiast's name,
That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn!
That very hour—when passion, turned to wrath,
Resembled hatred most—when thy disdain
Made my whole soul a chaos—in that hour
The Tempters found me a revengeful tool
For their revenge! Thou hadst trampled on the worm—
It turn'd and stung thee!

Pau. Love, sir, hath no sting.
What was the slight of a poor, powerless girl
To the deep wrong of this most vile revenge?
Oh, how I loved this man!—A serf?—a slave!

Mel. Hold, lady!—No, not slave! Despair is free!
I will not tell thee of the throes—the struggles—
The anguish—the remorse: No—let it pass!
And let me come to such most poor atonement
Yet in my power. Pauline——

[*Approaching her with great emotion, and about to take her hand.*

Pau. No, touch me not!
I know my fate. You are, by law, my tyrant!
And I—O Heaven!—a peasant's wife! I'll work—
Toil—drudge—do what thou wilt—but touch me not;
Let my wrongs make me sacred!
Mel. Do not fear me.
Thou dost not know me, madam: at the altar
My vengeance ceased, my guilty oath expir'd!
Henceforth no image of some marble saint,
Niched in cathedral aisles, is hallow'd more
From the rude hand of sacrilegious wrong.
I am thy husband—nay, thou needst not shudder;
Here, at thy feet, I lay a husband's rights.
A marriage thus unholy—unfulfill'd—
A bond of fraud—is, by the laws of France,
Made void and null. To-night sleep—sleep in peace.
To-morrow, pure and virgin as this morn
I bore thee, bathed in blushes, from the shrine,
Thy father's arms shall take thee to thy home.
The law shall do thee justice, and restore
Thy right to bless another with thy love.
And when thou art happy and hast half forgot
Him who so loved—so wrong'd thee, think at least,
Heaven left some remnant of the angel still
In that poor peasant's nature!
Ho! my mother!
[*Speaking off.*
Conduct this lady (she is not my wife;
She is our guest, our honoured guest, my mother!)
To the poor chamber, where the sleep of virtue
Never, beneath my father's honest roof,
E'en villains dared to mar! Nay, lady, now
I think thou wilt believe me.

[PAULINE *walks slowly away, then turns to look back, and exits.*

Mel. All angels bless and guard her. [*Exeunt.*

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THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

(WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.)

Cassius. That you have wronged me, doth appear in this;
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted of.

Brutus. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man in all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,

Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say, you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? aye, more; fret, till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well; for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life, you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means;
Ye gods! I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart;
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius.
For Cassius is aweary of the world:

Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes. There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart;
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou did'st hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when thou will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus!
When grief or blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

THE DIVER.

(FREDERICK SCHILLER.)

Translated from the German by Lord Lytton.

"Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
As to dive to the howling charybdis below?—
I cast into the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow:
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the maelstrom that maddened the surge.
"And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below?"

And the knights and the squires that gathered around,
Stood silent—and fixed on the ocean their eyes;
They looked on the dismal and savage profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch—"The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

And all as before heard in silence the king—
Till a youth, with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires, stept out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main;
Lo! the wave that forever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the charybdis again;
And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending.
And it never *will* rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is labouring the birth of a sea.

And at last there lay open the desolate realm!
Through the breakers that whitened the waste of the swell,
Dark—dark yawned a cleft in the midst of the whelm,
The path to the heart of the fathomless hell.
Round and round whirled the waves—deep and deeper still driven,
Like a gorge through the mountainous main thunder-riven.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again—
Hark! a shriek from the crowd rang aloft from the shore,
And, behold! he is whirled in the grasp of the main!
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
And the giant-mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

O'er the surface grim silence lay dark and profound,
But the deep from below murmured hollow and fell;
And the crowd, as it shuddered, lamented aloud—
"Gallant youth—noble heart—fare-thee-well, fare-thee-well!"
And still ever deepening that wail as of woe,
More hollow the gulf sent its howl from below.

If thou should'st in those waters thy diadem fling,
And cry, "Who may find it shall win it, and wear;"
God's wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—
A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.
For never did lips of the living reveal,
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh, many a ship, to that breast grappled fast,
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave;
Again, crashed together, the keel and the mast,
To be seen, tossed aloft in the glee of the wave.—
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending.
And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And, lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,
What gleams on the darkness so swan-like and white?
Lo! an arm and a neck, glancing up from the tomb!—
They battle—the Man's with the Element's might.
It is he—it is he!—in his left hand behold,
As a sign—as a joy!—shines the goblet of gold!

And he breathed deep, and he breathed long,
And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.
They gaze on each other—they shout as they throng—
"He lives—lo the ocean has rendered its prey!
And out of the grave where the Hell began,
His valour has rescued the living man!"

And he comes with the crowd in their clamour and glee,
And the goblet his daring has won from the water,
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee;
And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter,
And he bade her the wine to his cup-bearer bring,
And thus spake the Diver—"Long life to the king!

"Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horrors below never more find a voice—
Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!

Never more—never more may he lift from the mirror,
The Veil which is woven with NIGHT and with TERROR!

"Quick-brightening like lightning—it tore me along,
Down, down, till the gush of a torrent at play,
In the rocks of its wilderness caught me—and strong
As the wings of an eagle, it whirled me away.
Vain, vain were my struggles—the circle had won me,
Round and round in its dance the wild element spun me.

"And I called on my God, and my God heard my prayer,
In the strength of my need, in the gasp of my breath—
And showed me a crag that rose up from the lair,
And I clung to it, trembling—and baffled the death!
And, safe in the perils around me, behold
On the spikes of the coral the goblet of gold.

"Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless obscure!
A Silence of Horror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appalled might the Horror endure!
Salamander—snake—dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
In the deep—coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.

"Dark-crawled—glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Like masses unshapen, made life hideously—
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms—
Here the Hammer-fish darkened the dark of the sea—
And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible Shark—the Hyena of Ocean.

"There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o'er me,
So far from the earth where man's help there was none!
The One Human Thing, with the Goblins before me—
Alone—in a loneliness ghastly—ALONE!
Fathom-deep from man's eye in the speechless profound,
With the death of the Main and the Monsters around.

"Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
A hundred-limbed creature caught sight of its prey,
And darted—O God! from the far-flaming bough
Of the coral, I swept on the horrible way;
And it seized me, the wave with its wrath and its roar,
It seized me to save—King, the danger is o'er!"

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marvelled—quoth he,
"Bold Diver, the goblet I promised is thine,
And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee,
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine;
If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the *innermost* main!"

Then outspake the daughter in tender emotion,
"Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.
If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
Be your knights not, at least, put to shame by the squire!"

The king seized the goblet—he swung it on high,
And whirling, it fell on the roll of the tide:
"But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side!
And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

In his heart, as he listened, there leapt the wild joy—
And the hope and the love through his eyes spoke in fire,
On that bloom, on that blush, gazed, delighted, the boy;
The maiden she faints at the feet of her sire!
Here the guerdon divine, there the danger beneath;
He resolves!—To the strife with the life and the death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell;
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell—
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
Rearing up to the cliff—roaring back as before;
But no wave ever brought the lost youth to the shore.

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THE BELLS.

(EDGAR ALLAN POE.)

[The speaker should endeavour to imitate the characters of the different bells by the tones of his voice.]

Hear the sledges with the bells—silver bells! What a world of merriment their melody foretells! How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, in the icy air of night! while the stars, that over-sprinkle all the heavens, seem to twinkle with a crystalline delight; keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme, to the tintinnabulation that so musically wells from the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, from the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—golden bells! What a world of happiness their harmony foretells! Through the balmy air of night how they ring out their delight! From the molten-golden notes, and all in tune, what a liquid ditty floats to the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats on the moon! Oh, from out the sounding cells what a gush of euphony voluminously wells! How it swells, how it dwells on the future! How it tells of the rapture that impels to the swinging and the ringing of the bells, bells, bells, of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells—to the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—brazen bells! What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells! In the startled ear of night how they scream out their affright! Too much horrified to speak, they can only shriek, shriek, out

of tune; in a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire, in a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire, leaping higher, higher, higher, with a resolute endeavour now—now to sit or never, by the side of the pale-faced moon. Oh, the bells, bells, bells! what a tale their terror tells of despair! How they clang, and clash, and roar! What a horror they outpour on the bosom of the palpitating air! Yet the ear it fully knows, by the twanging and the clanging, how the danger ebbs and flows: yet the ear distinctly tells, in the jangling and the wrangling, how the danger sinks and swells, by the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells, of the bells, of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells—in the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—iron bells! What a world of solemn thought their monody compels! In the silence of the night how we shiver with affright at the melancholy menace of their tone; for every sound that floats from the rust within their throats is a groan. And the people—ah, the people—they that dwell up in the steeple all alone, and who, tolling, tolling, tolling, in that muffled monotone, feel a glory in so rolling on the human heart a stone—they are neither man nor woman—they are neither brute nor human—they are Ghouls! And their king it is who tolls; and he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls a pæan from the bells! And his merry bosom swells with the pæan of the bells! And he dances and he yells; keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme, to the pæan of the bells—of the bells: keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme, to the throbbing of the bells—of the bells, bells, bells—to the sobbing of the bells; keeping time, time, time, as he knells, knells, knells, in a happy Runic rhyme, to the rolling of the bells—of the bells, bells, bells—to the tolling of the bells, of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells, bells—to the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

(THOMAS HOOD.)

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran, and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped, with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp:
"O God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talk'd with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;

And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God;

He told how murderers walked the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man and old;
I led him to a lonely field,—
The moon shone clear and cold:
'Now here,' said I, 'this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!"

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

"And, lo! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame:—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by his hand,
And call'd upon his name!

"O God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price:
A dozen times I groan'd; the dead
Had never groan'd but twice!

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:—
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water black as ink,
The depth was so extreme:—
My gentle Boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanish'd in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And wash'd my forehead cool,

And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

"Oh, Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in Evening Hymn!
Like a Devil of the Pit I seem'd,
'Mid holy cherubim!

"And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep,
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep!
For Sin has render'd unto her
The keys of Hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time:
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The Dead Man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murder'd man:

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep:
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,

And years have rotted off his flesh
The world shall see his bones!

"O God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now!"
The fearful Boy look'd up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walk'd between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

THE BALACLAVA CHARGE.

October 25, 1854.

(WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.)

After their repulse in the plain of Balaclava by the Highlanders, two deep,—"that thin red streak topped by a line of steel,"—and by the heavy brigade, the Russian cavalry retired. Their infantry at the same time fell back towards the head of the valley, leaving men in three of the redoubts they had taken, and abandoning the fourth. They had also placed some guns on the heights over their position on the left of the gorge. Their cavalry joined the reserves, and drew up in six

solid divisions, in an oblique line, across the entrance to the gorge. Six battalions of infantry were placed behind them, and about thirty guns were drawn up along their line, while masses of infantry were also collected on the hills behind the redoubts on our right. Our cavalry had moved up to the ridge across the valley on our left, and had halted there, as the ground was broken in front.

And now occurred the melancholy catastrophe which fills us all with sorrow. It appears that the Quarter-master-General, Brigadier Airey, thinking that the light cavalry had not gone far enough in front when the enemy's horse had fled, gave an order in writing to Captain Nolan, 15th Hussars, to take to Lord Lucan, directing his lordship "to advance" his cavalry nearer to the enemy. A braver soldier than Captain Nolan the army did not possess. He rode off with the order to Lord Lucan. (He is now dead and gone: God forbid that I should cast a shade on the brightness of his honour, but I am bound to state what I am told occurred when he reached his lordship.)

When Lord Lucan received the order from Captain Nolan, and had read it, he asked, we are told, "Where are we to advance to?" Captain Nolan pointed with his finger to the line of the Russians, and said, "There are the enemy, and there are the guns, sir, before them; it is your duty to take them,"—or words to that effect. Lord Lucan, with reluctance, gave the order to Lord Cardigan to advance upon the guns, conceiving that his orders compelled him to do so. The noble earl, though he did not shrink, also saw the fearful odds against them. Don Quixote, in his tilt against the windmill, was not nearly so rash and reckless as the gallant fellows who prepared without a thought to rush on almost certain death.

It is a maxim of war, that "cavalry never act without a support;" that "infantry should be close at hand when cavalry carry guns, as the effect is only instantaneous;" and that it is necessary to have on the flank of a line of cavalry some squadrons in column, the attack on the

flank being most dangerous. The only support our light cavalry had was the reserve of heavy cavalry at a great distance behind them, the infantry and guns being far in the rear. There were no squadrons in column at all, and there was a plain to charge over, before the enemy's guns could be reached, of a mile and a half in length!

At ten minutes past eleven our light cavalry brigade advanced. The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the numbers of continental armies, and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed towards the front, the Russians opened on them, from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war.

We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses. Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position? Alas! it was but too true. Their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed upon the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who beheld these heroes rushing to the arms of Death.

At the distance of twelve hundred yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth from thirty iron mouths a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken—it is joined by the second—they never halt, or check their speed an instant. With diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy; with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries: but ere they were lost from view the plain was strewed with their bodies, and with the carcasses of horses.

They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing, as they rode up to the guns and dashed into their midst, cutting down the gunners where they stood. We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said: to our delight we saw them returning after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering it like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and riderless horses flying towards us told the sad tale. Demi-gods could not have done what they had failed to do.

At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of Lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned, and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilised nations.

The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them; and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin!

It was as much as our heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of the band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier was left, except the dead and dying, in front of those guns.

From "The War in the Crimea."

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

(ALFRED TENNYSON.)

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.
"Forward the light Brigade!
Charge for the guns," he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.

"Forward the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the Six Hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:

Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke,
  Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
  Not the Six Hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
  Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them—
  Left of Six Hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh! the wild charge they made!
  All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
  Noble Six Hundred!

By permission of Messrs Strahan & Co.

THE FROLICSOME DUKE; OR, THE TINKER'S GOOD FORTUNE.

Now as fame does report, a young duke keeps a court,
One that pleases his fancy with frolicsome sport;
But amongst all the rest, here is one, I protest,
Which will make you to smile when you hear the true jest:
A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground,
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swound.

The duke said to his men, "William, Richard, and Ben,
Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then."
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd
To the palace, although he was poorly array'd.
Then they stript off his clothes, both his shirt, shoes, and hose,
And they put him to bed, there to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over dirt,
They gave him a holland one—sure no great hurt.
On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They laid him to sleep the drink out of his crown.
In the dawn of the day, all admiring he lay,
To behold the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay something late in his rich bed of state,
Till at last knights and squires both upon him did wait;
And the bare-headed chamberlain then did declare
He desir'd to know what dress his highness would wear.
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
And wonder'd how he to "his highness" was rais'd.

Though he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich suit,
Which he straightway put on without longer dispute;
With a star on his side, which the tinker oft ey'd,
And it seem'd so to swell with no little pride,
That he said (to himself), "Where's Joan, my sweet wife?
Sure she never did see me so fine in her life."

From a snug hiding-place, the *right* duke's good grace
Observ'd his behaviour in every case.
To a garden of state, on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets sounding before him—(thinks he, "This is great")—
Where an hour, or p'raps two, pleasant walks he did view,
With squires and commanders in scarlet and blue.

Fine dinners they drest for him and each guest,
And plac'd him at table above all the rest,
In a rich chair or bed, lin'd with fine crimson red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head.
As he sat at his meat the music play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing his joys to complete.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine—
Rich canary, with sherry or red superfine.
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at last he began both to tumble and roll
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore,
Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain they should strip him amain,
And restore him his old leather garments again:
'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,
And they carried him whither they found him at first;
Then he slept all the night, as indeed he well might;
But when he did waken, his joys all took fright.

The night's glory to him so pleasant did seem,
That he thought he had had but a beautiful dream;
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he sought
For a pardon, in fear he had set him at nought;
But his highness just said, "Thou'rt a jolly bold blade,
Such a frolic before I think never was play'd.

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloak,
Which he gave for the sake of this frolicsome joke;
Ay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of ground.
"Thou shalt never," said he, "range the country around,
Crying, 'Old brass to mend!' for I'll be thy good friend,
And Joan, thy good wife, shall my duchess attend."

Then the tinker replied, "What! shall Joan, my sweet bride,
Be a lady, in chariots of pleasure to ride?

Shall we have gold and land ev'ry day at command?
Then a squire I shall be, you may well understand:
And I thank your good grace for this very good place,
Oh! I ne'er before was in so happy a case."

THE DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

(CHARLES DICKENS.)

She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived, and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter-berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favour. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor, slight thing, the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever! Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead, indeed, in her; but peace and perfect happiness were born—imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes, the old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed like a dream through haunts of misery and care—at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace fire upon the cold wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and the small tight hand folded to his breast for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—

the hand that had led him on through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips, then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and as he said it he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help or need of help. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life even while her own was waning fast, the garden she had tended, the eyes she had gladdened, the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour, the paths she had trodden as if it were but yesterday, could know her no more. "It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent—"it is not in *this* world that Heaven's justice ends. Think what it is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight, and say, if one deliberate wish, expressed in solemn tones above this bed, could call her back to life, which of us would utter it?"

She had been dead for two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night; but as the hours crept on she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her wanderings with the old man. They were of no painful scenes, but of those who had helped them and used them kindly; for she often said, "God bless you!" with great fervour. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was at beautiful music which, she said, was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man, with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. She had never murmured or complained, but with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon the summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend came there almost as soon as it was day with an offering of dried flowers, which he begged them to lay upon her breast. He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his younger brother all day long when he was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and indeed he kept his word, and was in his childish way a lesson to them all.

Up to that time the old man had not spoken once—except to her—or stirred from the bedside. But when he saw her little favourite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time; and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad—to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came on which they must remove her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure, almost as a living voice—rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing—grandmothers who might have died ten years ago and still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied—the living dead, in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave.

Along the crowded path they bore her now—pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it, whose day on earth

had been as fleeting. Under that porch where she had sat when Heaven, in its mercy, brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade. They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the coloured window—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath—many a stifled sob was heard. Some, and they were not a few, knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow. The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the stone should be replaced.

One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower-stair, with no more light than that of the moon rays stealing through the loop-holes in the thick old walls. A whisper went about among the oldest there that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so indeed.

Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monu-

ment, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all, it seemed to them, upon her quiet grave—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them, then with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.

By permission of Messrs Chapman & Hall.

THE DREAM OF THE REVELLER.

(CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.)

Around the board the guests were met, the lights above them beaming,
And in their cups, replenish'd oft, the ruddy wine was streaming;
Their cheeks were flush'd, their eyes were bright, their hearts with pleasure bounded;
The song was sung, the toast was given, and loud the revel sounded.

I drain'd a goblet with the rest, and cried, "Away with sorrow!
Let us be happy for to-day—what care we for the morrow?"
But as I spoke my sight grew dim, and slumber deep came o'er me,
And, 'mid the whirl of mingling tongues, this vision pass'd before me:

Methought I saw a demon rise; he held a mighty bicker,
Whose burnish'd sides ran brimming o'er with floods of burning liquor.
Around him press'd a clam'rous crowd, to taste this liquor greedy,
But chiefly came the poor and sad, the suff'ring and the needy;

All those oppress'd by grief or debt, the dissolute, the lazy,
Blear-eyed old men, and reckless youths, and palsied women crazy.
"Give, give!" they cried; "give, give us drink, to drown all thought of sorrow;
If we are happy for to-day, we care not for to-morrow!"

The first drop warm'd their shiv'ring skins, and drove away their sadness;
The second lit their sunken eyes, and fill'd their souls with gladness;
The third drop made them shout and roar, and play each furious antic;
The fourth drop boil'd their very blood; and the fifth drop drove them frantic.

"Drink!" said the demon, "drink your fill! Drink of these waters mellow!
They'll make your eyeballs sear and dull, and turn your white skins yellow;
They'll fill your homes with care and grief, and clothe your backs with tatters;
They'll fill your hearts with evil thoughts; but never mind—what matters?

"Though virtue sink, and reason fail, and social ties dissever,
I'll be your friend in hours of need, and find you homes forever;
For I have built three mansions high, three strong and goodly houses,
To lodge at last each jolly soul, who all his life carouses.

"The first, it is a spacious house, to all but sots appalling,
Where, by the parish bounty fed, vile, in the sunshine crawling,
The worn-out drunkard ends his days, and eats the dole of others;
A plague and burden to himself, an eyesore to his brothers.

"The second is a lazar-house, rank, fetid, and unholy,
Where, smitten by diseases foul, and hopeless melancholy,
The victims of potations deep pine on a couch of sadness;
Some calling death to end their pain, and others wrought to madness.

"The third and last is black and high, the abode of guilt and anguish,
And full of dungeons deep and fast, where death-doom'd felons languish.
So drain the cup, and drain again; one of my goodly houses
Shall lodge at last each jolly soul who to the dregs carouses!"

But well he knew, that demon old, how vain was all his preaching;
The ragged crew that round him flock'd were heedless of his teaching.
Even as they heard his fearful words, they cried, with shouts of laughter,
"Out on the fool who mars to-day with thoughts of an hereafter!

"We care not for thy houses three; we live but for the present,
And merry will we make it yet, and quaff our bumpers pleasant."
Loud laugh'd the fiend to hear them speak! and, lifting high his bicker,
"BODY AND SOUL ARE MINE," said he; "I'LL HAVE THEM BOTH FOR LIQUOR."

By permission of Messrs Routledge & Sons.

A PATRIOT'S LAST SPEECH.

September 19, 1803.

(ROBERT EMMET.)

MY LORDS,—What have I to say that sentence of death should not be passed on me according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have laboured (as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country) to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a Court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your Lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbour to shelter it from the storm by which it is at present buffeted.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labour in its own vindication to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere, whether in the sentence of the Court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine.

[Lord Norbury, one of the judges, interrupted the speaker.]

My Lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the proposed ignominy of the scaffold—but worse to me than the purposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of

such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this Court. You, my Lord, are a judge; I am the supposed culprit; I am a man, you are a man also; by a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could characters. If I stand at the bar of this Court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, also condemn my tongue to silence and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence, but whilst I exist I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; and as a man, to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honour and love, and for whom I am proud to perish.

As men, my Lords, we must appear on the great day at one common tribunal, and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe, who was engaged in the most virtuous actions or actuated by the purest motives—the country's oppressors, or—

[The orator was again interrupted, and told to listen to the sentence of the law.]

My Lord, will a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself in the eyes of the community of an undeserved reproach thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away, for a paltry consideration, the liberties of his country? Why did your Lordships insult me? or rather, why insult justice in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced? I know, my Lord, that form prescribes that you should ask the question—the form also prescribes the right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with, and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle before the jury was empannelled.

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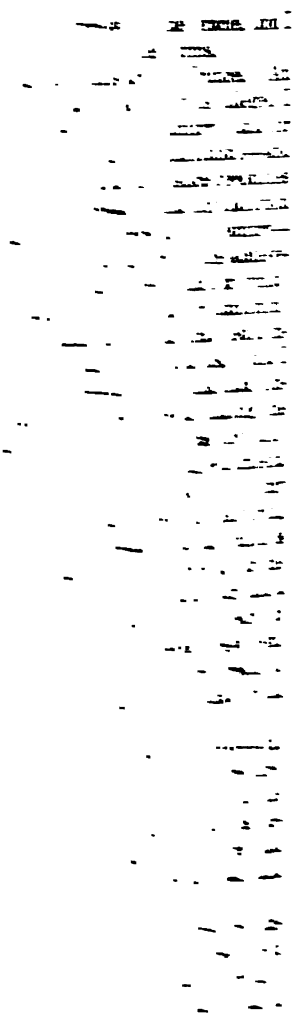

sword in one hand, a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war, and I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of the ground, burn every blade of grass, and the last entrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish, because I should feel conscious that life any more than death is unprofitable when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection.

But it was not an enemy that the succours of France were to land. I looked indeed for the succours of France; but I wished to prove to France and to the world, that Irishmen deserved to be assisted; that they were indignant at slavery, and ready to assert the right and independence of their country..

I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America. To procure an aid which, by its example, would be as important as its valour—disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience; who would perceive the good and polish the rough points of our character; they would come to us as strangers and leave us as friends, after sharing our perils and elevating our destiny. These were my objects —not to receive new taskmasters, but to expel old tyrants. These were my views, and these only became Irishmen. It was for these ends I sought aid from France, because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

I have been charged with that importance in the efforts to emancipate my country as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen, or as your Lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy." You do me honour overmuch; you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in the conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even

to your own estimation of yourself, my Lord, before the splendour of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonoured to be called your friends, who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand.

What, my Lord! shall you tell me on the passage to that scaffold, which the tyranny of which you are only the intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor? Shall you tell me this, and shall I be so very a slave as not to repel it?

I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life, and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? By you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry in one great reservoir, your Lordship might swim in it.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonour; let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence, or that I became the pliant minion of power in the oppression of the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the present domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom, I would have fought on the threshold of my country, and its enemy should only enter by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of a jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country its independence—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent or repel it? No; God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concern and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life, oh, ever dear and venerable shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have ever for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life.

My Lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice—the blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors that surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven. Be ye patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run, the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world; it is the charity of its silence! Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth—then, and not till then—let my epitaph be written. I HAVE DONE.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

(JOHN DRYDEN.)

'Twas—at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son—
Aloft in awful state, the godlike hero sat
On his imperial throne.
His valiant peers—were placed around,
Their brows, with roses and with myrtles bound—
So should desert, in arms be crowned.

The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sat, like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride—
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave, none but the brave,
None *but* the brave—deserve the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high,
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers—touched the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song—began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above;
Such is the power—of mighty love.
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd—admire the lofty sound:
A present deity! they shout around;
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears, the monarch hears;
Assumes the god, affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus, ever fair, and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes!
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums:
Flushed with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face.
Now, give the hautboys breath—he comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain.
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure; sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and checked his pride.—
He chose a mournful muse, soft pity to infuse,
He sung Darius, great and good,
By too severe a fate, fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood.
Deserted in his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth—exposed he lies,
With not a friend—to close his eyes.—
With downcast look—the joyous victor sat,
Revolving, in his altered soul,
The various turns of fate below,
And now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears—began to flow.

The master smiled to see,
That love—was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity—melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon, he soothes his soul to pleasures;
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh! think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee;
Take the good the gods provide thee.—

The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So *love* was crowned, but *music*—won the cause.
The prince unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair, who caused his care,
And sighed and looked; sighed and looked;
Sighed and looked; and sighed again:
At length, with love, and wine, at once oppress'd,
The vanquished victor—sunk—upon her breast.

Now, strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain:
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark! hark!—the horrid sound
Hath raised up his head, as awaked from the dead,
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries—
See the Furies arise! See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in the air,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band, each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And, unburied, remain inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due to the valiant crew.
Behold, how they toss their torches on high!
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seizes a flambeau with zeal to destroy:
Thais led the way, to light him on his prey;
And, like another Helen—fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago, ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute and sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last, divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame.

The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length—to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both—divide the crown;
He—raised a mortal—to the skies;
She—drew an angel down.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

(THOMAS HOOD.)

Young Ben he was a nice young man, a carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown, that was a lady's maid.
But as they fetch'd a walk one day, they met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away, whilst Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words, enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit, 'twas nothing but a feint.
"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head, he'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat, a boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her, and taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was a-coming to herself.
"And is he gone, and is he gone?" she cried, and wept outright:
"Then I will to the water side, and see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her, "Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau Ben to sail with old
Benbow;"
And her woe began to run afresh, as if she'd said Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him to the Tender ship,
you see:"
"The Tender ship," cried Sally Brown, "What a hard-
ship that must be!
O! would I were a mermaid now for then I'd follow him;
But oh!—I'm not a fish-woman, and so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath the Virgin and the Scales,
So I must curse my cruel stars, and walk about in Wales."
Now Ben had sail'd to many a place that's underneath the
world;
But in two years the ship came home, and all her sails
were furl'd.

But when he call'd on Sally Brown, to see how she got on,
He found she'd got another Ben, whose Christian name
was John.
"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown, how could you serve
me so?
I've met with many a breeze before, but never such a
blow."

Then reading on his 'bacco-box, he heaved a bitter sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe, and then to pipe his eye.
And then he tried to sing "All's Well," but could not
though he tried;
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd his pigtail till he
died.
His death, which happen'd in his berth, at forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and the sexton toll'd the
bell.

INVECTIVE AGAINST MR CORRY.—1800.

(HENRY GRATTAN.)

[A duel, in which Mr Corry was wounded in the arm, was the sequel to this speech. The immediate provocation of the speech was a remark from Corry that Grattan, instead of having a voice in the councils of his country, should have been standing as a culprit at her bar.]

MR SPEAKER,—Sir, has the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word that he uttered, that was not a violation of the privileges of the house. But I did not call him to order. Why? Because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down, I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time. On any other occasion, I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt anything which might fall from the honourable member; but there are times when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation. I know the difficulty the honourable gentleman laboured under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it when not made by an honest man.

The right honourable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask, why not "traitor," unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him; it was because he dared not! It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not the courage to give the blow! I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy councillor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I say he is one who has abused the

privilege of Parliament and freedom of debate, to the uttering language, which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow! I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy councillor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow! He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false! Does the honourable gentleman rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer to any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

I have returned, not, as the right honourable member has said, to raise another storm,—I have returned to discharge an honourable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that Constitution, of which I was the parent and founder, from the assassination of such men as the honourable member and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt—they are seditious—and they, at this very moment are in a conspiracy against their country! I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand for impeachment or trial! I dare accusation! I defy the honourable gentleman! I defy the Government! I defy their whole phalanx!—let them come forth! I tell the ministers I shall neither give them quarter nor take it! I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House, in defence of the liberties of my country.

MARINO FALIERO, DOGE OF VENICE.

(LORD BYRON.)

SCENE III.—*The Court of the Ducal Palace; the outer gates are shut against the people.—The* DOGE *enters in his ducal robes, in procession with the Council of Ten and other Patricians, attended by the Guards, till they arrive at the top of the "Giants' staircase" (where the Doges took the oaths); the Executioner is stationed there with his sword.—On arriving, a Chief of the Ten takes off the ducal cap from the Doge's head.*

Doge. So now the Doge is nothing, and at last
I am again Marino Faliero:
'Tis well to be so, though but for a moment.
Here was I crown'd, and here, bear witness, Heaven!
With how much more contentment I resign
That shining mockery, the ducal bauble,
Than I received the fatal ornament.

One of the Ten. Thou tremblest, Faliero!

Doge. 'Tis with age, then.

Benintende. Faliero! hast thou aught further to commend,
Compatible with justice, to the senate?

Doge. I would commend my nephew to their mercy,
My consort to their justice; for methinks
My death, and such a death, might settle all
Between the state and me.

Ben. They shall be cared for;
Even notwithstanding thine unheard-of crime.

Doge. Unheard of! ay, there's not a history
But shows a thousand crown'd conspirators
Against the people; but to set them free,
One sovereign only died, and one is dying.

Ben. And who were they who fell in such a cause?

Doge. The King of Sparta and the Doge of Venice—
Agis and Faliero!

Ben. Hast thou more
To utter or to do?

Doge. May I speak?

Ben. Thou may'st;
But recollect the people are without,
Beyond the compass of the human voice.

Doge. I speak to Time and to Eternity,
Of which I grow a portion, not to man.
Ye elements! in which to be resolved
I hasten, let my voice be as a spirit
Upon you! Ye blue waves! which bore my banner,
Ye winds! which flutter'd o'er as if you loved it,
And fill'd my swelling sails as they were wafted
To many a triumph! Thou, my native earth,
Which I had bled for! and thou, foreign earth,
Which drank this willing blood from many a wound!
Ye stones, in which my gore will not sink, but
Reek up to heaven! Ye skies, which will receive it!
Thou sun! which shinest on these things, and Thou!
Who kindlest and who quenchest suns!—Attest!
I am not innocent—but are these guiltless?
I perish, but not unavenged: far ages
Float up from the abyss of time to be,
And show these eyes, before they close, the doom
Of this proud city, and I leave my curse
On her and hers forever!——Yes, the hours
Are silently engendering of the day,
When she, who built 'gainst Attila a bulwark,
Shall yield, and bloodlessly and basely yield,
Unto a bastard Attila, without
Shedding so much blood in her last defence,
As these old veins, oft drain'd in shielding her,
Shall pour in sacrifice.—She shall be bought
And sold, and be an appanage to those
Who shall despise her!—She shall stoop to be
A province for an empire, petty town
In lieu of capital, with slaves for senates,
Beggars for nobles, panders for a people!
Then when the Hebrew's in thy palaces,
The Hun in thy high places, and the Greek
Walks o'er thy mart, and smiles on it for his:
When thy patricians beg their bitter bread
In narrow streets, and in their shameful need
Make their nobility a plea for pity;
Then, when the few who still retain a wreck

Of their great fathers' heritage shall fawn
Round a barbarian Vice of Kings' Vice-gerent,
Even in the palace where they sway'd as sovereigns,
Even in the palace where they slew their sovereign,
Proud of some name they have disgraced, or sprung
From an adultress boastful of her guilt
With some large gondolier or foreign soldier,
Shall bear about their bastardy in triumph
To the third spurious generation;—when
Thy sons are in the lowest scale of being,
Slaves turn'd o'er to the vanquish'd by the victors,
Despised by cowards for greater cowardice,
And scorn'd even by the vicious for such vices
As in the monstrous grasp of their conception
Defy all codes to image or to name them;
Then, when of Cyprus, now thy subject kingdom,
All thine inheritance shall be her shame
Entail'd on thy less virtuous daughters, grown
A wider proverb for worse prostitution;—
When all the ills of conquer'd states shall cling to thee,
Vice without splendour, sin without relief
Even from the gloss of love to smooth it o'er,
But in its stead, coarse lusts of habitude,
Prurient yet passionless, cold studied lewdness,
Depraving nature's frailty to an art:—
When these and more are heavy on thee, when
Smiles without mirth, and pastimes without pleasure,
Youth without honour, age without respect,
Meanness and weakness, and a sense of woe
'Gainst which thou wilt not strive, and dar'st not murmur,
Have made thee last and worst of peopled deserts,
Then, in the last gasp of thine agony,
Amidst thy many murders, think of *mine!*
Thou den of drunkards with the blood of princes!
Gehenna of the waters! thou sea Sodom!
Thus I devote thee to the infernal gods!
Thee and thy serpent seed!

[*Here the Doge turns and addresses the Executioner.*

Slave, do thine office!
Strike, as I struck the foe! Strike as I would
Have struck those tyrants! Strike deep as my curse!
Strike—and but once!

WHAT IS WAR?

(RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT.)

What is war? I believe that half the people that talk about war have not the slightest idea of what it is. In a short sentence it may be summed up to be the combination and concentration of all the horrors, atrocities, crimes, and sufferings of which human nature on this globe is capable. But what is even a rumour of war? Is there anybody here who has anything in the funds, or who is the owner of any railway stock; or anybody who has a large stock of raw material or of manufactured goods? The funds have recently gone down 10 per cent. I do not say that the fall is all on account of this danger of war, but a great proportion of it undoubtedly is. A fall of 10 per cent. in the funds is nearly £80,000,000 sterling of value; and railway stock having gone down 20 per cent. makes a difference of £60,000,000 in the value of the railway property of this country. Add the two—£140,000,000—and take the diminished prosperity and value of manufactures of all kinds during the last few months, and you will under-state the actual loss to the country now if you put it down at £200,000,000 sterling. But that is merely a rumour of war. That is war a long way off—the small cloud no bigger than a man's hand: what will it be if it comes nearer and becomes a fact! And surely sane men ought to consider whether the case is a good one, the ground fair, the necessity clear, before they drag a nation of nearly thirty millions of people into a long and bloody struggle, for a decrepit and tottering empire,* which all the nations in Europe cannot long sustain.

* Turkey. Spoken before the outbreak of the Crimean War.

Well, if you go into war now, you will have more banners to decorate your cathedrals and churches. Englishmen will fight now as well as they ever did; and there is ample power to back them, if the country can be but sufficiently excited and deluded. You may raise up great generals. You may have another Wellington, and another Nelson too; for this country can grow men capable of every enterprise. Then there may be titles, and pensions, and marble monuments to eternise the men who have thus become great;—but what becomes of you and your country, and your children?

Speaking here, however, to such an audience—an audience probably, for its numbers, as intelligent and as influential as ever was assembled within the walls of any hall in this kingdom—I think I may put before you higher considerations even than those of property and the institutions of your country. I may remind you of duties more solemn, and of obligations more imperative.

You profess to be a Christian nation. You make it your boast even—though boasting is somewhat out of place in such questions—you make it your boast that you are a Christian people, and that you draw your rule of doctrine and practice, as from a well pure and undefiled, from the lively oracles of God, and from the direct revelation of the Omnipotent. You have even conceived the magnificent project of illuminating the whole earth, even to its remotest and darkest recesses, by the dissemination of the volume of the New Testament, in whose every page are written forever the words of peace. Within the limits of this island alone, every Sabbath-day, 20,000, yes, far more than 20,000 temples are thrown open, in which devout men and women assemble to worship Him who is the "Prince of Peace."

Is this a reality? or is your Christianity a romance, and your profession a dream? No; I am sure that your Christianity is not a romance, and I am equally sure that your profession is not a dream. It is because I believe this that I appeal to you with confidence, and that I have hope and faith in the future. I believe that

we shall see, and at no very distant time, sound economic principles spreading much more widely amongst the people; a sense of justice growing up in a soil which hitherto has been deemed unfruitful; and—which will be better than all—the churches of the United Kingdom, the churches of Britain, awaking as it were from their slumbers, and girding up their loins to more glorious work, when they shall not only accept and believe in the prophecy, but labour earnestly for its fulfilment, that there shall come a time—a blessed time—a time which shall last forever — when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

(ROBERT SOUTHEY.)

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing on the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes!" he replied; "my back-bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, were not

yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England perhaps would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cock-pit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself, being certain, from the sensation in his back and the gush of blood he felt momently within his breast that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself.

As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed; and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero.

But he became impatient to see Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? he must be killed! he is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him.

They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I

have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "that none of our ships have struck." Hardy answered, there was no fear of that. Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast: it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me." . . . Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened on deck. . . . His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

(ALFRED TENNYSON.)

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, of me you shall not win renown,
You thought to break a country heart for pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled I saw the snare, and I retired:
The daughter of a hundred earls, you are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet not mate for mine, too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake a heart that dotes on truer charms,
A simple maiden in her flower is worth a hundred coats of arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, some meeker pupil you must find,
For were you queen of all that is, I could not stoop to such a mind,
You sought to prove how I could love, and my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates, is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, you put strange memories in my head,
Not thrice your branching limes have blown since I beheld young Laurence dead.
Oh! your sweet eyes, your low replies: a great enchantress you may be;
But there was that across his throat which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, when thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind, she spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed, I heard one bitter word that scarce is fit for you to hear;
Her manners had not that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, there stands a spectre in your hall:
The guilt of blood is at your door: you changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse, to make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare, and slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere, from yon blue heavens above us bent,
The grand old gardener and his wife smile at the claims of long descent.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me, 'tis only noble to be **good**;
Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple **faith** than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere: you pine among **your** halls and towers;
The languid light of your proud eyes is wearied of **the** rolling hours.
In glowing health with boundless wealth, but sickening of a vague disease,
You know so ill to deal with time, you needs must **play** such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere, if time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate, nor any poor about your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan-boy to read, or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
Pray Heaven for a human heart, and let the foolish yeoman go.

By permission of Messrs Strahan & Co.

ENGLISH SELF-ESTEEM.*

(RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.)

And now I will grapple with the noble Lord [Palmerston] on the ground which he selected for himself, in the most triumphant portion of his speech, by his reference to those emphatic words, *Civis Romanus sum*. He vaunted, amidst the cheers of his supporters, that under his administration an Englishman should be throughout the world what the citizen of Rome had been. What then, sir, was a Roman citizen? He was the member of a privileged caste; he belonged to a conquering race,—to a nation that held all others bound down by the strong

* From a speech occasioned by the rupture with Greece, 1850.

arm of power. For him there was to be an exceptional system of law; for him principles were to be asserted, and by him rights were to be enjoyed, that were denied to the rest of the world.

Is such, then, the view of the noble Lord, as to the relation that is to subsist between England and other countries? Does he make the claim for us, that we are to be uplifted on a platform high above the standing-ground of all other nations? It is, indeed, too clear, not only from the expressions, but from the whole spirit of the speech of the noble Viscount, that too much of this notion is lurking in his mind; that he adopts in part that vain conception, that we, forsooth, have a mission to be the censors of vice and folly, of abuse and imperfection among the other countries of the world; that we are to be the universal schoolmasters; and that all those who hesitate to recognise our office can be governed only by prejudice or personal animosity, and should have the blind war of diplomacy forthwith declared against them. . . . .

Sir, the English people, whom we are here to represent, are indeed a great and noble people; but it adds nothing to their greatness or their nobleness, that, when we assemble in this place, we should trumpet forth our virtues in elaborate panegyrics, and designate those who may not be wholly of our mind as a knot of foreign conspirators. Now, the policy of the noble Lord tends to encourage and confirm in us that which is our besetting fault and weakness, both as a nation and as individuals. Let an Englishman travel where he will as a private person, he is found in general to be upright, high-minded, brave, liberal, and true: but with all this, foreigners are too often sensible of something that galls them in his presence; and I apprehend it is because he has too great a tendency to self-esteem—too little disposition to regard the feelings, the habits, and the ideas of others.

I doubt not that use will be made of our present debate to work upon this peculiar weakness of the English mind. The people will be told that those who oppose the motion are governed by personal motives, have no regard for

public principle, no enlarged ideas of national policy. You will take your case before a favourable jury, and you think to gain your verdict; but, sir, let the House of Commons be warned—let it warn itself—against all illusions. There is in this case also a course of appeal. There is an appeal, such as one honourable and learned member has already made, from the one House of Parliament to the other. There is a further appeal from this House of Parliament to the people of England. But, lastly, there is also an appeal from the people of England to the general sentiment of the civilised world; and I, for my part, am of opinion that England will stand shorn of a chief part of her glory and her pride, if she shall be found to have separated herself, through the policy she pursues abroad, from the moral support which the general and fixed convictions of mankind afford—if the day shall come in which she may continue to excite the wonder and the fear of other nations, but in which she shall have no part in their affections and their regard.

THE RAVEN.

(EDGAR ALLAN POE.)

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I ponder'd, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.
"'Tis some visitor," I mutter'd, "tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wish'd the morrow: vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,
Thrill'd me—fill'd me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door,—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
That it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I open'd wide the door;
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whisper'd word, "Lenore!"
This I whisper'd, and an echo murmur'd back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice;
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepp'd a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopp'd or stay'd he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perch'd above my chamber-door,—
Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—
Perch'd and sat and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven;
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore?"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marvell'd this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was bless'd with seeing bird above his chamber-door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,
With such name as "Nevermore!"

But the raven sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he utter'd—not a feather then he flutter'd—
Till I scarcely more than mutter'd, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, till his songs one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of—Never—nevermore!"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in front of bird, and bust, and door.
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burn'd into my bosom's core.
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press—ah! nevermore!

Then me thought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor,
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels He hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore:
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest toss'd thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore;
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore?
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shriek'd, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door:
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—NEVERMORE!

ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

(ELIHU BURRITT.)

[The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments, "when the morning stars sung together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day.]

It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key-rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth.

At last this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them; they find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Buonaparte shall be lost in oblivion. It was the name of Washington.

Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father

of his country. He grasped his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a gain into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands.

'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep into that flinty album.

His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart, he measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their voices are finally lost on his ear.

He now, for the first time, casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is half worn away to the haft. He can hear the voices but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hand into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment.

His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, and brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he

bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair, "William! William! don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!"

The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economises his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds, perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below.

Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all must be over.

The blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang on the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last.

At the last faint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little, nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart, and closes his eyes to commend his soul to God.

'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off—he is reeling, trembling, toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him; and with the words, God and Mother, whispered on his lips, just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting—such leaping and weeping for joy, never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

THE DEATH OF MARMION.

(SIR WALTER SCOTT.)

Straight up the hill there rode
  Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
  A wounded knight they bore.

His hand still strained the broken brand;
His arms were smeared with blood and sand.
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
With falcon-crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion?

. . . . . .

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon,—charge again;
Cry 'Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!—
Yet my last thought is England's:—fly,
To Dacre bear my signet-ring;
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie:
Tunstall lies dead upon the field;
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down;—my life is reft;—
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured,—"Is there none,
Of all my halls have nursed,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!"

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou!
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran.
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side.
She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A Monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And as she stooped his brow to lave—
"Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"
Then, as remembrance rose,—
"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"
"Alas!" she said, "the while,—
O think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She——died at Holy Isle."
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide
In torrents from his wounded side.
"Then it was truth!" he said. "I knew
That the dark presage must be true.

I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
  Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar-stone,
  Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."—
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling Monk.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound
And strove to stanch the gushing wound.
The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers;
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear;
And that the priest he could not hear,
  For that she ever sung.
"*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the
  dying!"
  So the notes rung;
"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
  O think on faith and bliss!—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
  But never aught like this."—
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
  And—STANLEY! was the cry:—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
  And fired his glazing eye:

With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

(THOMAS HOOD.)

With fingers weary and worn, with eyelids heavy and red, a woman sat in unwomanly rags, plying her needle and thread—Stitch! stitch! stitch! in poverty, hunger, and dirt; and still with a voice of dolorous pitch she sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work! while the cock is crowing aloof! and work! work! work! till the stars shine through the roof! It's oh, to be a slave along with the barbarous Turk, where woman has never a soul to save, if this is Christian work!

"Work! work! work! till the brain begins to swim; work! work! work! till the eyes are heavy and dim! Seam, and gusset, and band; band, and gusset, and seam; till over the buttons I fall asleep, and sew them on in a dream. O men, with sisters dear! O men with mothers and wives! it is not linen you're wearing out, but human creatures' lives. Stitch! stitch! stitch! in poverty, hunger, and dirt; sewing at once, with a double thread, a shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death? that phantom of grisly bone; I hardly fear his terrible shape, it seems so like my own. It seems so like my own, because of the fasts I keep; O God, that bread should be so dear, and flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work! work! work! My labour never flags; and what are its wages? A bed of straw, a crust of bread —and rags. That shattered roof and this naked floor,

a table, a broken chair, and a wall so blank, my shadow I thank for sometimes falling there.

"Work! work! work! from weary chime to chime; work! work! work! as prisoners work for crime. Band, and gusset, and seam; seam, and gusset, and band; till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed, as well as the weary hand.

"Work! work! work! in the dull December light; and work! work! work! when the weather is warm and bright, while underneath the eaves the brooding swallows cling, as if to show their sunny backs, and twit me with the spring.

"Oh, but to breathe the breath of the cowslip and primrose sweet, with the sky above my head, and the grass beneath my feet; for only one short hour to feel as I used to feel, before I knew the woes of want, and the walk that costs a meal! Oh, but for one short hour! a respite however brief! No blessed leisure for love or hope, but only time for grief! A little weeping would ease my heart; but in their briny bed my tears must stop, for every drop hinders needle and thread."

With fingers weary and worn, with eyelids heavy and red, a woman sat in unwomanly rags, plying her needle and thread—Stitch! stitch! stitch! in poverty, hunger, and dirt; and still with a voice of dolorous pitch—would that its tone could reach the rich!—she sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

(HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.)

I looked far back into other years, and lo! in bright array
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages passed away.
It was a stately convent with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens with their broad green walks, where soft the footstep falls;

And o'er the antique dial-stone the creeping shadow passed,
And, all around, the noon-day sun a drowsy radiance cast.
No sound of busy life was heard, save from the cloister dim
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth when all its prospects please;
And little recked they, when they sang, or knelt at vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more dear than theirs;—
And little even the loveliest thought, before the holy shrine,
Of royal blood and high descent from the ancient Stuart line;
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And as they flew, they left behind a long-continuing light.

The scene was changed. It was the court, the gay court of Bourbon,
And 'neath a thousand silver lamps a thousand courtiers throng!
And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well pleased, I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry:—
But fairer far than all the rest who bask on Fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made bride!
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond, deep love of one—
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but begun,—

They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-souled joy bespeak:
Ah! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its brilliant hours,
She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine, and its flowers?

The scene was changed. It was a bark that slowly held its way,
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;
And on its deck a Lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes
Upon the fast-receding hills, that dim and distant rise.
No marvel that the lady wept,—there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth;
It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends,—
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends,—
The land where her dead husband slept—the land where she had known
The tranquil convent's hushed repose, and the splendours of a throne:
No marvel that the lady wept—it was the land of France—
The chosen home of chivalry—the garden of romance!
The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark!
One gaze again—one long, last gaze—"Adieu, fair France, to thee!"
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea!

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanched her cheek—her smile was sadder now;
The weight of royalty had pressed too heavy on her brow;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field;—
The Stuart *sceptre* well she swayed, but the *sword* she could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day,
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in early years—the songs of gay Navarre;
The songs perchance that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar:
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal and fierce domestic broils:—
But hark! the tramp of armèd men! the Douglas' battle-cry!
They come!—they come!—and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye!
And swords are drawn and daggers gleam, and tears and words are vain—
The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio 's slain!
Then Mary Stuart dashed aside the tears that trickling fell:
"Now for my father's arm!" she said; "my woman's heart farewell!"

The scene was changed. It was a lake with one small lonely isle;
And there, within the prison-walls of its baronial pile,

Stern men stood menacing their Queen, till she should stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her ancestral line.
"My lords!—my lords!" the captive said, "were I but once more free,
With ten good knights on yonder shore to aid my cause and me,
That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows,
And once more reign a Stuart Queen o'er my remorseless foes!"
A red spot burned upon her cheek—streamed her rich tresses down,
She wrote the words—she stood erect—a Queen without a crown!

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner bore,
And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling Queen once more.
She stayed her steed upon a hill—she saw them marching by—
She heard their shouts—she read success in every flashing eye.
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies away;
And Mary's troops and banners now, and courtiers—where are they?
Scattered and strewn, and flying far, defenceless and undone;—
Alas! to think what she has lost, and all that guilt has won!—
Away! away! thy gallant steed must act no laggard's part;
Yet vain his speed—for thou dost bear the arrow in thy heart!

The scene was changed. Beside the block a sullen headsman stood,
And gleamed the broad axe in his hand, that soon must drip with blood.

With slow and steady step there came a Lady through the hall,
And breathless silence chained the lips and touched the hearts of all.
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom;
I saw that grief had decked it out—an offering from the tomb!
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone;
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrilled with every tone;
I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of living gold!
I knew that bounding grace of step—that symmetry of mould!
Even now I see her far away, in that calm convent isle,
I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I mark her holy smile,—
Even now I see her bursting forth upon the bridal morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born!
Alas! the change!—she placed her foot upon a triple throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands—beside the block—*alone!*
The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all the crowd
Who sunned themselves beneath her glance and round her footsteps bowed!—
Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul is passed away!
The bright, the beautiful, is now—a bleeding piece of clay!
The dog is moaning piteously; and, as it gurgles o'er,
Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the floor!
The blood of beauty, wealth, and power—the heart-blood of a Queen,—
The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth has seen,—
Lapped by a dog! Go think of it in silence and alone;
Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a throne!

THE COTTAR'S FAMILY WORSHIP.

(ROBERT BURNS.)

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name:
Or noble "Elgin" beats the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison ha'e they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or, Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head;
How His first followers and servants sped;

The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, alone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's every grace except the heart!
The power incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul:
And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to heaven the warm request
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man 's the noblest work of God:"

And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp! a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much loved isle.

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
Oh! never, never Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

(*From the "Ingoldsby Legends."*)

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop, and abbot, and prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.

Never, I ween,
Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out
Through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there
Like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cates,
And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crozier! he hopp'd upon all!
With saucy air,
He perch'd on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peer'd in the face
Of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the priests, with awe,
As such freaks they saw,
Said, "The devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd,
And six little singing-boys,—dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due,
Two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Emboss'd, and fill'd with water as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water and eau de Cologne;

And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more
A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white:
From his finger he draws
His costly turquoise;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight
By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

. . . . . .

There's a cry and a shout,
And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out;
The friars are kneeling,
And hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew
Off each plum-colour'd shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps, and he feels
In the toes and the heels;
They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,—
They turn up the rugs,
They examine the mugs:—
But, no!—no such thing;—
They can't find THE RING!
And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popp'd in, and prigg'd it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,
He cursed him living, he cursed him dying!—
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse!

The day was gone,
The night came on,
The monks and the friars they search'd till dawn;
When the sacristan saw,
On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw!
No longer gay,
As on yesterday;
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way;—
His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim,
So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM!
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!"

The poor little Jackdaw,
When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;

And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,
"Pray, be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and slower
He limp'd on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw,
'Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression
Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
—When those words were heard,
That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd.
He grew sleek, and fat;
In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!
His tail waggled more
Even than before;
But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air,
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair,
He hopp'd now about
With a gait devout;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied,—or if any one swore,—
Or slumber'd in prayer-time and happen'd to snore,
That good Jackdaw
Would give a great "Caw!"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"

He long lived the pride
Of that country side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died;
When as words were too faint
His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a saint;
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonised him by the name of Jim Crow!

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NOTHING TO WEAR.

(WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.)

Miss Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris;
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend, Mrs Harris,
Spent six consecutive weeks, without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping;
Shopping alone and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head, or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below;
Dresses for home, and the street, and the hall,
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall.
And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day
All this merchandise went in twelve carts up Broadway,
This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
When asked to a ball was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

But the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising;
I find there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising
From this unsupplied destitution of dress;
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear!"

O ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day,
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
To the alleys and lanes where misfortune and guilt
Their children have gathered, their hovels have built;
Where hunger and vice, like twin beasts of prey
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half starved, and half naked, lie crouched from the cold;
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street,
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare,—
Spoiled children of fashion,—you've nothing to wear!

And oh! if perchance there should be a sphere
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here;
Where the glare, and the glitter, and tinsel of time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime;
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretence,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above,
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;
Oh! daughters of earth! foolish virgins, beware!
Lest, in that upper realm,—you have nothing to wear!

RIENZI'S ADDRESS.

(M. R. MITFORD.)

Friends! I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thraldom;—we are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave!—not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame;
But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages—
Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great
In that strange spell, a name! Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbour—there he stands—
Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonour? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to you—
I had a brother once,—a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried

For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look, in the next fierce brawl,
To see them die! Have ye daughters fair? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonoured! and if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king!—and once again—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again I swear,
The eternal city shall be free! her sons
Shall walk with princes!

"LITTLE JIM."

(EDWARD FARMER.)

The cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean,
Yet everything within that cot was wond'rous neat and clean;
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
A patient mother watched beside the death-bed of her child—
A little worn-out creature—his once bright eyes grown dim;
It was the collier's wife and child—they called him "Little Jim."

And oh, to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered up a prayer of thought—she was afraid to speak,
Lest that might 'waken one she loved far better than her life,
For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's wife—

With hands uplifted, see! she kneels beside the sufferer's bed
And prays that God will spare her boy, and take herself instead.

She gets her answer from her child—soft fell these words from him—
"Mother, the angels they do smile, and beckon 'Little Jim.'
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but oh! I am so dry—
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother, don't ye cry."
With gentle, trembling haste she held a tea-cup to his lips;
He smiled to thank her as he took three little tiny sips—
"Tell father, when he comes home from work, I said good-night to him;
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas! poor "Little Jim."

She saw that he was dying—the child she loved so dear,
Had uttered the last words that she might ever hope to hear,
The cottage door is opened—the collier's step is heard—
The father and the mother meet, but neither spake a word.
He felt that all was over—he knew his child was dead,
He took the candle in his hand, and walked toward the bed;
His quivering lips give token of the grief he'd fain conceal—
And see! his wife has joined him—the stricken couple kneel;
With hearts bowed down with sadness they humbly ask of Him
In heaven once more to meet again their own poor "Little Jim."

DAVID'S LAMENT FOR ABSALOM.

(NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.)

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave; and, as the folds
Sank to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His helm was at his feet: his banner, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid
Reversed, beside him: and the jewelled hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade,
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe :—

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou should'st die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee!

How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet '*My father!*' from those dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave hath won thee! I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;—
But thou no more with thy sweet voice shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee!
And thy dark sin!—oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer.
And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently,—and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

(H. W. LONGFELLOW.)

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish main,
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale,
That ever wind did blow."—

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side,
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
"Ho! ho!" the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

MANSIE WAUCH'S FIRST AND LAST PLAY.

(D. M. MOIR, M.D.)

Mony a time and often had I heard of play-acting, and of players making themselves kings and queens, and saying a great many wonderful things; but I had never before an opportunity of making myself a witness to the truth of these hearsays. So Maister Glen, being as fu' of nonsense, and as fain to have his curiosity gratified, we took upon us the stout resolution to gang ower thegither, he offering to treat me, and I determined to run the risk of Maister Wiggie our minister's rebuke for the transgression, hoping it would make na lasting impression on his mind, being for the first and only time. Folks shouldna at a' times be ower scrupulous.

After paying our money at the door, never, while I live and breathe, will I forget what we saw and heard that night; it just looks to me, by a' the world, when I think on't, like a fairy dream. The place was crowded to the e'e, Maister Glen and me having nearly got our ribs dung in, before we fand a seat, and them behint were obliged to mount the back benches to get a sight. Right to the fore hand of us was a large green curtain, some five or six ells wide, a gude deal the waur of the wear, having seen service through two or three simmers, and just in the front of it were eight or ten penny candles, stuck in a board fastened to the ground, to let us see the players' feet like, when they came on the stage, and even before they came on the stage, for the curtain being scrimpit in length, we saw legs and feet moving behind the scenes very neatly, while twa blind fiddlers they had brought with them played the bonniest ye ever heard. Odd, the very music was worth a sixpence of itsel'.

The place, as I said before, was choke full, just to excess, so that ane could scarcely breathe. Indeed, I never saw ony pairt sae crowded, not even at a tent-

preaching, when Mr Roarer was giving his discourses on the building of Solomon's Temple. We were obligated to have the windows opened for a mouthful of fresh air, the barn being as close as a baker's oven, my neighbour and me fanning our red faces with our hats to keep us cool; and, though all were half stewed, we had the worst o't, the toddy we had ta'en having fomented the blood of our bodies into a perfect fever.

Just at the time that the twa blind fiddlers were playing the "Downfall of Paris," a handbell rang, and up goes the green curtain, being hauled to the ceiling, as I observed wi' the tail o' my e'e, by a birkie at the side, that had haud o' a rope. So, on the music stopping and all becoming as still as that you might have heard a pin fall, in comes a decent old gentleman, at his leisure, weel powdered, wi' an auld-fashioned coat, and waistcoat wi' flap pockets, brown breeches with buckles at the knees, and silk stockings with red gushets on a blue ground. I never saw a man in sic distress: he stampit about, and better stampit about, dadding the end of his staff on the ground, and imploring all the powers of heaven and yearth to help him to find out his runawa daughter, that had decampit wi' some ne'er-do-well loon of a half-pay captain, that keppit her in his arms frae her bedroom window, up twa pair o' stairs. Every father and head of a family maun ha'e felt for a man in his situation, thus to be robbit of his dear bairn, and an only daughter too, as he tel't us ower and ower again, as the saut, saut tears ran gushing down his withered face, and he aye blew his nose on his clean calendered pocket-napkin. But, ye ken, the thing was absurd to suppose that we should ken ony thing about the matter, having never seen either him or his daughter between the een afore, and no kenning them by head mark; so, though we sympathised with him, as folks ought to do with a fellow-creature in affliction, we thought it best to haud our tongues, to see what might cast up better than he expected. So out he gaed stamping at the ither side, determined, he said, to find them out, though he should

follow them to the world's end, Johnny Groat's House, or something to that effect.

Hardly was his back turned, and amaist before ye could cry Jack Robison, in comes the birkie and the very young leddy the auld gentleman described, arm-and-arm thegither, smoodging and lauching like daft. Dog on it, it was a shameless piece of business. As true as death, before all the crowd of folk, he pat his arm round her waist, and ca'd her his sweetheart, and love, and dearie, and darling, and everything that is sweet. If they had been courting in a close thegither, on a Friday night, they couldna ha'e said mair to ane anither, or gaen greater lengths. I thought sic shame to be an e'ewitness to sic on-goings, that I was obliged at last to haud up my hat afore my face and look down; though, for a' that, the young lad, to be sic a blackguard as his conduct showed, was weel enough faured, and had a guid coat on his back, wi' double-gilt buttons, and fashionable lapels, to say little o' a very weel-made pair o' buckskins, a little the waur o' the wear to be sure, but which, if they had been cleaned, would ha'e looked amaist as good as new. How they had come we never could learn, as we neither saw chaise nor gig; but, from his having spurs on his boots, it is mair than likely that they had alighted at the back door of the barn frae a horse, she riding on a pad behint him, maybe with her hand round his waist.

The faither lookit to be a rich auld bool, baith from his manner of speaking and the rewards he seemed to offer for the apprehension of his daughter; but, to be sure, when so many of us were present that had an equal right to the spulzie, it wadna be a great deal a thousand pounds when divided, still it was worth the looking after; so we just bidit a wee.

Things were brought to a bearing, whosoever, sooner than either themsel's, I daur say, or onybody else present seemed to ha'e the least glimpse of; for, just in the middle of their fine going-on, the sound of a coming fit was heard, and the lassie taking guilt to her, cried out—

"Hide me, hide me, for the sake of gudeness, for yonder comes my auld faither!"

Nae sooner said than done. In he stappit her into a closet; and, after shutting the door on her, he sat down upon a chair, pretending to be asleep in a moment. The auld faither came bouncing in, and seeing the fellow as sound as a tap, he ran forrit, and gaed him sich a shake, as if he wad ha'e shooken him a' sundry, which sune made him open his een as fast as he had steekit them. After blackguarding the chield at no allowance, cursing him up hill and down dale, and ca'ing him every name but a gentleman, he haddit his staff ower his crown, and gripping him by the cuff o' the neck, askit him what he had made o' his daughter. Never since I was born did I ever see sich brazen-faced impudence! The rascal had the brass to say at ance, that he hadna seen word or wittens o' his daughter for a month, though mair than a hundred folk sitting in his company had seen him dauting her with his arm round her jimpy waist not five minutes before. As a man, as a father, as an elder of our kirk, my corruption was raised, for I aye hated leeing, as a puir cowardly sin, and an inbreak on the ten commandments: and I fand my neebour, Maister Glen, fidgeting on the seat as weel as me; so I thocht, that whaever spoke first wad ha'e the best right to be entitled to the reward; whereupon, just as he was in the act of rising up, I took the word out of his mouth, saying, "Dinna believe him, auld gentleman, dinna believe him, friend; he's telling a parcel of lees. Never saw her for a month! It's no worth arguing, or ca'ing witnesses. Just open that press door, and ye'll see whether I'm speaking truth or no."

The auld man stared, and lookit dumb-foundered; and the young man, instead of rinning forrit wi' his double neives to strike me, the only thing I was feared for, began a laughing, as if I had dune him a gude turn. But never since I had a being did I ever witness an uproar and noise as immediately took place. The haill house was sae glad that the scoundrel had been exposed,

that they set up siccan a roar o' lauchter, and thumpit away at siccan a rate at the boards wi' their feet, that at lang and last, wi' pushing, and fidgeting, and hadding their sides, down fell the place they ca' the gallery, a' the folk in't being hurled tapsy-turvy, head foremost amang the saw-dust on the floor below; their guffawing sune being turned to howling, ilka ane crying louder than anither at the tap o' their voices, "Murder! murder! haud off me; murder! my ribs are in; murder! I'm killed—I'm speechless!" and ither lamentations to that effect; so that a rush to the door took place, in which everything was overturned; the door-keeper being wheeled away like wildfire, the firms strampit to pieces, the lights knockit out, and the twa blind fiddlers dung head foremost ower the stage, the bass fiddle cracking like thunder at every bruise. Siccan tearing, and swearing, and tumbling, and squeeling, was never witnessed in the memory of man, sin' the building of Babel; legs being likely to be broken, sides staved in, een knocked out, and lives lost; there being only ae door, and that a sma' ane: so that when we had been carried off our feet that length, my wind was fairly gane, and a sick dwam cam' ower me, lights of a' manner of colours—red, blue, green, and orange, dancing before me, that entirely deprived me o' common sense, till, on opening my een in the dark, I fand mysel' leaning wi' my braid side against the wa' on the opposite side of the close. It was some time before I mindit what had happened; so dreading scaith, I fand first the ae arm, and then the ither, to see if they were broken, syne my head, and syne baith o' my legs; but a', as weel as I could discover, was skinhale and scart free. On perceiving which, my joy was without bounds, having a great notion that I had been killed on the spot. So I reached round my hand, very thankfully, to tak' out my pocket-napkin, to gi'e my brow a wipe, when lo, and behold, the tail of my Sunday's coat was fairly aff and away, dockit by the haunch buttons!

"IMPH—M."

(JAMES NICHOLSON.)

Ye've heard hoo the de'il, as he wauchel'd through Beith
Wi' a wife in ilk oxter, an' ane in his teeth,
When some ane cried out, "Will ye tak' mine the morn?"
He wagg'd his auld tail while he cockit his horn,
But only said "Imph—m,"
That usefu' word "Imph—m;"
Wi' sic a big mouthfu', he couldna say, A—y—e!

When I was a laddie langsyne at the schule,
The maister aye ca'd me a dunce an' a fule;
For a' that he said, I could ne'er un'erstan',
Unless when he bawled, "Jamie! haud out yer han'!"
Then I gloom'd, and said "Imph—m,"
I glunch'd, and said "Imph—m;"
I wasna ower proud, but ower dour to say, A—y—e!

Ae day a queer word, as lang-nebbit's himsel',
He vow'd he would thrash me if I wadna spell,
Quo' I, "Maister Quill," wi' a kin' o' a swither,
"I'll spell ye the word gif ye'll spell me anither:
Let's hear ye spell 'Imph—m,'
That common word 'Imph—m,'
That auld Scotch word 'Imph—m,' ye ken it means—
A—y—e?"

Had ye seen hoo he glower'd, hoo he scratch'd his big pate,
An' shouted, "Ye villain, get oot o' my gate!
Get aff tae yer seat! ye're the plague o' the schule!
The de'il o' me kens if ye're maist rogue or fule!"
But I only said "Imph—m,"
That common word "Imph—m,"
That auld-farran' "Imph—m," that stan's for an—
A—y—e!

An' when a brisk wooer, I courted my Jean—
O' Avon's braw lasses the pride an' the queen—
When 'neath my grey plaidie, wi' heart beatin' fain,
I spier'd in a whisper, if she'd be my ain,
She blush'd, an' said "Imph—m,"
That charming word "Imph—m,"
A thoosan' times better an' sweeter than—A—y—e!

An' noo I'm a dad wi' a hoose o' my ain—
A dainty bit wifie, an' mair than ae wean;
But the warst o't is this—when a question I spier,
They pit on a luik sae auld-farran' an' queer,
But only say "Imph—m,"
That daft-like word "Imph—m,"
That vulgar word "Imph—m"—they winna say—
A—y—e!

Sae I've gi'en owre the "Imph—m"—it's no a nice word;
When printed on paper, it's perfect absurd;
An' gif ye're owre lazy to open yer jaw,
Jist haud ye yer tongue, an' say naething ava;
But never say "Imph—m,"
That daft-like word "Imph—m,"
It's ten times mair vulgar than even braid—A—y—e!

From "Kilwuddie; and other Poems;" published by the Scottish Temperance Society.

JOHN BROWN OF PRIESTHILL.

(REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.)

In 1684, the common soldiers were empowered, without indictment or trial, to put to death suspicious persons, if they refused to take the oaths, or to answer the questions which they pressed upon them. Hence occurred the never-to-be-forgotten murder of John Brown, the Ayrshire carrier. This man lived at a house (still stand-

ing, we believe) called Priesthill, in the parish of Muirkirk. It occupied an eminence commanding a wide and waste view of heath, mosses, and rocks. John Brown was an amiable and blameless man. He had taken no part in the risings or public testifyings of the times. His only crimes were, his non-attendance on the curate of the parish, and his occasionally retiring, with some like-minded, to a favourite ravine among the moors, where they spent the Sabbath-day in praise and prayer. His wife was a noble spirit: blythe, leal-hearted, humorous even. He, on the other hand, was gravely mild and sedate, and her smile shone on him like sunshine on a dun hill-side, and transfigured him into gladness. His family was one of peace, although Isabel Weir was his second wife, and there were children of the first alive. All were wont to pour out, like blood from one heart, to meet him, when he was seen approaching on his pack-horse from his distant excursions. Latterly, as the persecution fell darker, and closed in around those Ayrshire wolds, John could no longer ply his trade; nay, was even compelled occasionally to leave his home, and spend days and nights in the remoter solitudes of the country. Nevertheless, his hour at last arrived. It was the 30th of April 1685. John Brown had been at home, and unmolested for some time: he had risen early, and had performed public worship. The psalm sung was the twenty-seventh; and the chapter read the sixteenth of John, which closes with the remarkable words, "In the world ye shal have tribulation: but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." His prayer was, as usual, powerful and fervent; for, although he stuttered in common speech, he never stuttered in prayer: he could not but speak fluently in the dialect of heaven! He then went away alone to the hill to prepare some peat-ground. Meanwhile Claverhouse had come in late at night to Lesmahagow, where a garrison was posted; had heard of John; had risen still earlier than his victim; and by six on that grey April morning had tracked him to the moss; had surrounded him with three troops of dragoons, and

led him down to the door of his own house. With the dignity of Cincinnatus, leaving his plough in mid-furrow, John dropped his spade, and walked down, it is said, "rather like a leader than a captive." His wife was warned of their approach, and, with more than the heroism of an ancient Roman matron, with one boy in her arms, with a girl in her hand, and alas! with an unborn child, Isabel Weir came calmly out to play her part in this frightful tragedy!

Claverhouse was no trifler. Short and sharp was he always in his brutal trade. He asked John at once why he did not attend the curate, and if he would pray for the king. John stated, in one distinct sentence, the usual Covenanting reasons. On hearing it, Claverhouse exclaimed, "Go to your knees, for you shall immediately die!" John complied, without remonstrance, and proceeded to pray, in terms so melting, and with such earnest supplication for his wife and their born and unborn children, that Claverhouse saw the hard eyes of his dragoons beginning to moisten, and their hands to tremble, and thrice interrupted him with volleys of blasphemy. When the prayer was ended, John turned round to his wife, reminded her that this was the day come of which he had told her when he first proposed marriage to her, and asked her if she was willing to part with him. "Heartily willing," was her reply. "This," he said, "is all I desire. I have nothing more now to do but to die." He then kissed her and the children, and said, "May all purchased and promised blessings be multiplied unto you!" "No more of this," roared out the savage, whose own iron heart this scene was threatening to move. "You six dragoons, there, fire on the fanatic!" They stood motionless, the prayer had quelled them. Fearing a mutiny, both among his soldiers and in his own breast, he snatched a pistol from his belt and shot the good man through the head. He fell, his brains spurted out, and his brave wife caught the shattered head in her lap. "What do you think of your husband now!" howled the ruffian. "I aye thocht muckle o' him, sir, but never sae

muckle as I do this day." "I would think little to lay thee beside him," he answered. "If you were permitted, I doubt not you would; but how are ye to answer for this morning's work?" "To men, I can be answerable; and as for God I will take Him in my own hands!" And, with these desperate words, he struck spurs to his horse, and led his dragoons away from the inglorious field. Meekly and calmly did this heroic and Christian woman tie up her husband's head in a napkin, compose his body, cover it with her plaid—and not till these duties were discharged did she permit the pent-up current of her mighty grief to burst out, as she sat down beside the corpse and wept bitterly.

THE END.

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